The Outlook

MAY 16, 1923

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GERMAN NAVAL OUTRAGES AND AN AMERICAN ADMIRAL

THE following telegrams are self-explanatory:

Rear-Admiral William S. Sims,
St. Louis, Missouri.

Newspaper despatches report you denying publicly that any authentic record existed of any atrocity by a commander of a German submarine during the war. This report seems to us incredible in view of attacks without warning on merchant vessels, to say nothing of hospital ships. If you were not correctly quoted, we should welcome authoritative statement from you authorizing denial, and should particularly welcome opportunity to print authentic statement as to what you did say.

EDITORS OF THE OUTLOOK.

The Editor of The Outlook,
New York, N. Y.

Referring to your telegram of yesterday, I stated in address in California that barring the case of the British Hospital ship Llandovery Castle I did not know of any case where a German submarine commander had fired upon the boats of a torpedoed vessel; that the commanding officer and two officers of the submarine that torpedoed the hospital ship in question were tried in Germany after the war and punished; that the submarine commanders generally acted in a humane manner and in some instances gave the boats of torpedoed vessels food and water, a tow toward land, and sent out wireless signals giving their positions; see my book "The Victory at Sea," pages 127 and 128. It is well known that the German Government ordered its submarine commanders to torpedo merchant vessels without warning and also hospital ships if carrying troops. I did not discuss the orders of the German Government. My remarks referred exclusively to the conduct of the German submarine commanders in carrying out these orders.

WILLIAM S. SIMS,
Rear-Admiral U. S. Navy.

An atrocity is none the less an atrocity because it is committed under orders. The destruction of merchant vessels without warning was and is an act of piracy. A Government that commands its naval officers to turn pirates is an outlaw Government. We are glad to print Admiral Sims's testimony to the effect that German naval officers who obeyed these orders were for the most part as humane as pirates should be.

SINGAPORE AND THE NAVAL TREATY

BY its decision to build up a great naval base at Singapore, upheld by a vote of 253 to 94 in the House of Commons, the British Government has hurt the conscience of some British Liberals and Laborites more than it has disturbed the minds of Americans.

No one can hold that this decision is in violation of the Washington treaty for the limitation of armaments. It is true that the United States is estopped from building any new naval bases or adding to the strength of the present naval bases in the western Pacific, and Japan is likewise committed to the maintenance of the *status quo* in its fortifications on certain specified insular territories and possessions. Under the same article of the treaty, Great Britain is estopped from adding to the naval strength of certain of its ports and pos-

Photograph by Elmendorf. (C) Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

HARBOR OF SINGAPORE, STRAITS SETTLEMENTS, AT LOW TIDE

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sessions. Excepted from the limitations are, however, certain naval bases of all three nations, and among them are British bases west of the meridian of 110° east longitude. Singapore does not, therefore, come within the field of the naval treaty's restrictions.

Though in accord with the letter of the treaty, is this decision of the British Government out of accord with the treaty's spirit? That is the question that seems to be troubling certain public men in Great Britain. We do not believe that it is America's duty to interpret to the British the spirit of the treaty. And we doubt whether any one in America would wish to interpret that spirit in such a way as to estop America from fortifying, say, Hawaii to any degree that a policy of National defense might reasonably necessitate. If we are going to leave ourselves free in that matter, it is certainly a mere matter of decency that we should cordially acknowledge that Britain is equally free. As a matter of fact, the fortification of Singapore should be determined in accordance with Great Britain's own national policy.

What has disturbed some people's minds is the reported remark of Lieutenant-Colonel Amery, First Lord of the Admiralty, to the effect that the British ideal was command of all the seas. It is not necessary, however, to interpret this as a note of aggression. Certainly a nation whose possessions are as widely scattered as Great Britain's needs such command of the seas as will insure reasonable protection to her commerce and means of communication. If the fortification of Singapore could possibly be interpreted as an attempt on the part of Great Britain to secure sea power for aggressive purposes, it would be a menace to other nations, even her friends. So far as we can see, however, there is nothing conceivably aggressive in this decision of the British Government, even though its wisdom may be questioned.

CHINESE BRIGANDS AND AMERICAN CITIZENS

NOT since the Moroccan bandit Raisuli in 1904 held for ransom an American citizen named Perdicaris have the people of this country been so stirred by an act of foreign bandits as by the kidnapping and brutal treatment of Americans, eighteen in number, including several women of refinement, by Chinese brigands in the province of Shantung. The women of the party were released, but only after they had been beaten and driven along by their captors until some of them, it is reported, dropped from exhaustion. Among the captives were Miss Lucy C. Aldrich, daughter of the late Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, and sister-in-law to John D. Rockefeller, Jr.; Mr. J. B. Powell, who is a newspaper man, and Major Pinger and Major Allen, of the United States Army.

It is too soon, as we write, to state precisely what measures will be taken by our Government to free those still in danger and to demand reparation and punitive measures against the bandits from such government as China possesses. If, as is reported, a British subject was killed, it is probable that joint measures may be taken by the British and American Governments.

The audacity of this outrageous attack may be judged from the fact that the railway train which was detracked and plundered by the bandits was one of the best trains in China. It was on its way from Shanghai to Peking.

We have a small force of American soldiers in China, said to be approximately 15,000, and perhaps two-thirds of this force are readily available if it becomes necessary to use them in the pursuit of the bandits. As in all such cases, the situation is made painfully difficult by the fact that the captives may be in danger of death or ill treatment if forceful measures are taken. It is reported, although no definite authority is given for the report, that the bandits are demanding the equivalent of a million dollars in American money for ransom.

The incident strikingly illustrates the confused and unsatisfactory state of affairs in China. Shantung in particular has long been a center of lawlessness and violence. Heretofore the bandits' attacks have been confined almost entirely to native villages or native individuals. The boldness of the present outrage is extraordinary. It is said by some writers that the province of Shantung shelters many thousands of bandits with headquarters in the mountains and with a regular system of forcing blackmail or ransom. Many of these bandits are soldiers who were discharged after the recent inter-provincial hostilities.

Nothing could show more distinctly the need of reorganized and respected central authority in China. The immense population holds its allegiance to any national government, whether imperialistic or republican, in slight regard. What the average Chinaman outside of the big cities cares about is the village commune and the guild system. Locally this kind of control of affairs, both as regards property and crime, works very well; but when events that are really national because they relate to foreigners or to international questions are to be dealt with, the feeble authority over the country by the national Government appears in all its weakness. The local residents pay tribute not only to the provincial officials, appointed by whatever national Government claims power, but very often to the leaders of parties of bandits who levy blackmail or tribute on the villages as a regular source of income. In many cases, it is reported, the Tuchuns, who are the military governors of the provinces, receive part of this loot of the bandits, and naturally make no effort to eradicate them. This sort of thing has existed on a large scale in Shantung Province within the last year. The withdrawal of the Japanese helped to throw things into confusion, and the bandits even took possession of part of the city of Tsingtao itself. Probably the best hope of immediate and drastic action in this matter, so far as the Chinese authorities are concerned, might be a direct appeal to General Wu Pei-fu, who is really the one man of quick decision and vigorous action in China to-day.

THE GERMAN PROPOSAL REJECTED

NOBODY could have seriously expected France and Belgium to accept the proposal which the German Government made to Germany's victims on May 1. Not even the most sanguine apologists for Germany's course since the war had any reason to look for a favorable response. When, therefore, France and Belgium rejected it in the note sent to Germany on May 6, nobody was surprised.

The German Government in its note to the Allies offered the basic sum of twenty billion gold marks to be obtained by an international loan, but offered no definite and determinable guaranties. The final total to be paid was left to be determined by an international commission of experts. For security, Germany offered an arbitration treaty like that between Britain and the United States.

The French and Belgians point out in their rejection of this proposal that, in the first place, the reparations offered are inadequate in amount. Germany's offer is less than one-fourth of the sum fixed by the Reparations Commission and recognized by Germany as the amount of her obligations. In view of Germany's activity in building up her industries, her transportation systems, etc., this offer to France and Belgium, they believe, is simply a suggestion that they sacrifice themselves in order to enrich their debtors.

The two Allies, in the second place,

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GIVE ME SIGNS OF FUTURE ACCIDENTS

(1 Henry VI, Act V, Scene 3)

Gale in the Los Angeles Times

VOTE FOR DOC HOLT FOR PRESIDENT BETTER BABIES
CAMPBELL'S SOUP FOR PRESIDENT
HART, SHAFFNER OR MARX FOR PRESIDENT PICK OUT A CLASSY DRESSER FOR THE WHITE HOUSE
B.V.D.'S THE PEOPLES CHOICE FOR PRESIDENT!
THE RINGLING BROTHERS WILL BE A CIRCUS AS PRESIDENT AND CABINET
MY PLATFORM
SLOAN FOR SLOAN'S LINIMENT FOR PRESIDENT GOOD FOR MAN OR BEAST
WHOOPER UP FOR THE SMITH BROTHERS! YOUR NEXT PRESIDENT AND VICE P! COUGH DROPS FOR ONE AND ALL
FORD FOR PRESIDENT!
WE WEAR NO MAN'S COLLAR OR NECKTIE!!
PAF
PAF
GALE

WHAT IF HENRY HAS STARTED SOMETHING?

From Paul W. Moore, Redlands, California

Orr in the Chicago Daily Tribune

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NOT A SPROUT IN SIGHT

From K. A. Scritsmiev, Menomonie, Wisconsin

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

OF COURSE!

From Mrs. Patterson Miller, Russellville, Tennessee.

Kirby in the New York World

"I TELL YOU THEY ARE NOT EVEN RELATED"

From Joseph B. Hayn, Buffalo, N. Y.

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consider the conditions wholly unacceptable. They recall Germany's protest against the original plan of leaving the reparations total undetermined, and then point out that Germany's proposal does exactly that very thing itself.

The two Allies, in the third place, in rejecting this offer remark upon the lack of guaranties. They have no longer, if they ever had, any faith in Germany's paper promises.

The two Allies, in the fourth place, point out that Germany's offer makes no reference to what she owes to Belgium. Her oversight, these two countries say, is "at least strange, when it is recalled how Germany acted toward the country whose independence she promised to protect."

In the fifth place, the two Allies declare explicitly that they cannot take any German proposal under consideration so long as German resistance lasts. They declare that "it is not the population but the German Government that organized resistance." And for proof of that they cite the German Chancellor's words in admitting that the resistance would cease as soon as an agreement was reached with the German Government.

Since France and Belgium have rejected this offer, it was not necessary for them to consult with Great Britain, although they notified Great Britain of their note. Inasmuch as England left herself out of the joint action in the Ruhr, she certainly has no reason to include herself in any negotiations concerning the conditions prior to the evacuation of the Ruhr. It is clear, however, that both France and Belgium do not wish to deprive Great Britain of any of her rights that may be obtained in consequence of their action.

In reply to Germany's requirement that the evacuation of the Ruhr precede the fulfillment of her obligations, the French and Belgian Governments reiterate their past statement of policy, that "the newly occupied territory will be evacuated only proportionately as payments are made."

If in 1914, when the Germans were raging through Belgium, standing civilians up against walls and shooting them, burning Belgian villages, destroying Belgian works of art, and trampling Belgium into a bloody mire, they had foreseen the situation in which they find themselves to-day, they might have put themselves under restraint.

If in the future some Power which plans to dominate the world thinks twice before undertaking to carry out its will, it will be thanks to France and Belgium.

NEW YORK STATE AND PROHIBITION

UNDER Republican leadership the Legislature of New York repealed the old license laws of that State and passed a measure known as the Mullan-Gage Act, as a State law comparable in effect to the National Volstead Act.

Under Democratic leadership the New York State Legislature has now voted to repeal the Mullan-Gage Act, and the repeal bill is now before Governor Smith for his signature or veto.

There are two chief arguments made for this repeal. The first is that with the Mullan-Gage Law on the statute-books a citizen can be tried twice for the same offense—once in the State courts and once in the Federal courts. The second is based on the scandals which have occurred under the administration of the present Mullan-Gage Act. The argument seems to be that the police are not strong enough to withstand temptation, and therefore temptation should be removed from them. When prohibitionists have argued that a certain proportion of our population could not stand temptation, and therefore liquor should be removed from their neighborhood, the wets have ridiculed the argument and said that character could be built up only by resistance to temptation. It seems to us that this same argument might be reasonably applied to the question of character building in the various police forces in New York State. As to the first argument, a way to remove the danger of double prosecution might be found, it would seem, by an amendment to the present law.

The repeal of the Mullan-Gage Act will give to the Prohibition Law in New York a peculiar status. In Massachusetts, for instance, a State which has not yet passed an enforcement act, the old license laws are still in effect. No one can sell liquor in Massachusetts without a license except by incurring the danger of running foul of the State authorities. But as no one can get a license to sell liquor because of the Federal statute, the State forces are not powerless to act.

Governor Smith, whose sympathies are in favor of light wines and beers, has promised to give adequate hearings on the question of the repeal of the Mullan-Gage Law. It might be worth while to quote here from a letter which Governor Smith wrote to Senator Fess when the latter took exception to the act of the Legislature of the State of New York in memorializing Congress concerning the modification of the Volstead Act. In this letter Governor Smith said:

> I think that on my record you will join with the people who know me well and do me the credit of believing that I have enough common sense and experience of life to understand that the saloon is and ought to be a defunct institution in this country. . . . We do not ask laxity in enforcement. We ask for a reasonable Congressional interpretation of what constitutes an intoxicating beverage.

Certainly the repeal of the Mullan-Gage Act will do nothing to further the end outlined in Governor Smith's letter to Senator Fess. The repeal of this act will inevitably result in weakening the efforts to enforce prohibition and will and can do nothing to satisfy Governor Smith's supporters in bringing about the legal use of 2.75 per cent beer.

THE PROHIBITION OF NARCOTICS

THE teeth in the National Narcotics Law are biting in, apparently. Major R. A. Haynes, Federal Prohibition Commissioner, calls attention to the fact that recently the jail-sentence feature of the penalty has been invoked much more frequently than formerly. Fewer fines have been assessed. More violators have gone to the penitentiary. During the month of March 346 violators were given jail sentences. For the corresponding month last year there were only 223 such sentences. On the average, the sentences are much longer this year than last.

The number of indictments in March this year was 404, compared with 278 last year. This of itself would not necessarily be encouraging. It might indicate an increase in the traffic in narcotics. It is encouraging, however, that conviction followed indictment in every case in March of this year. Last year, 34 of the 278 persons indicted were not convicted.

Major Haynes attributes the gratifying results to the efforts of a superior class of well-trained investigators. There

NEXT WEEK'S OUTLOOK WILL BE THE ANNUAL

Recreation Number

It will contain eight pages of pictures of

AMERICA'S PLAYGROUNDS

and numerous articles appropriate to the occasion and helpful to our readers in planning their vacations.

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is no longer the old-time willingness on the part of the Government investigator to compromise narcotics cases. Every willful violation of the Narcotics Law, he says, is vigorously prosecuted.

We doubt whether there could be found any general or widespread opposition to this particular form of invasion of "personal liberty."

THE FIGHT AGAINST DEAR SUGAR

THAT the partial boycott on sugar has had some effect is seen from the statement made in the press on May 8 that in New York City the consumption of sugar has fallen off about twenty per cent since the campaign opened. Properly speaking, the movement has not been a boycott; it is rather an effort to induce housekeepers and other users of sugar to reduce for the present the amount they purchase, and thereby both bring about a reduction in price and express their indignation at the wrong involved in what they believe to be the artificial and unjustified increase.

Simultaneously the experts in diet and health point out that the American per capita consumption of sugar is much larger than is desirable for physical well-being. One authority says that last year's per capita consumption of sugar, which was 103 pounds, is forty per cent higher than it should be.

Secretary Hoover has given his commendation to the voluntary partial disuse of sugar urged by New York societies of women. He says: "The women are on the right track. The way to control prices of food commodities is to bring about spontaneous control of consumption."

We have already quoted the statement in the Government's suit against the sugar exchanges, that in one month of this year (February) the nominal sales of sugar on the exchanges amounted to 1,515,050 tons, as compared with 362,850 tons in January, while in February there were *actual deliveries* of only 300 tons. It might be asked why speculative sales of sugar with no intention of actual delivery should have anything to do with the price of sugar in the retail stores, or should prevent dealers who hold quantities of sugar bought before the rise in price from selling at the same price they had been getting. Perhaps, logically, it should not; but as a matter of fact it does, simply because wholesalers do demand higher prices and refer to the quotations on the exchanges as justifying the increase. Excessive activity in speculation is followed invariably by profiteering. Mr. Babst, the president of the American Sugar Refining Company, told the women protesters that his Company made only a quarter of a cent profit on a pound; that it was opposed to speculation, hoarding, and boycotting; and that, although it uses over a million and a half tons of sugar yearly, it buys none through the sugar exchanges, yet it has to pay prices influenced by speculation in the exchanges. His advice to the American housewife is: "Don't scramble, don't hoard, don't boycott. You need not scrimp, but you must not hoard. Buy sugar as you need it."

BOOMS AND PANICS

EPIDEMICS of smallpox, typhoid, and yellow fever used to be considered "acts of God" which had to be borne with such resignation and alleviation as puny man was capable of applying. Scientific investigation has now shown that these scourges are not acts of God, but acts of man, and can be literally prevented. May not the same thing be true of industrial and financial panics and depressions?

This is the inference from a very interesting and significant report recently published by the Government which states the findings and recommendations of the "Committee of the President's Conference on Unemployment." The members of this Committee, as appointed by Secretary Hoover, of the Department of Commerce, were as follows:

> Owen D. Young, chairman of the Board of the General Electric Company, chairman; Joseph H. Defrees, former President United States Chamber of Commerce; Mary Van Kleeck, Russell Sage Foundation; Matthew Woll, Vice-President American Federation of Labor; Clarence M. Woolley, President American Radiator Company; Edward Eyre Hunt, secretary of the President's Conference on Unemployment, secretary.

These were the questions which the Committee considered, and has tried to some extent to answer:

> Can unemployment which results from recurrent business depression be reduced or prevented?
>
> Which of the proposals to relieve unemployment seem to offer prospects of practical service?
>
> What groups in the community can most effectively act?

In answering these questions the Committee had to consider what is, in the *patois* or jargon of commerce and finance, called the "business cycle." The business cycle is really composed of a series of booms and slumps. In boom times there is a scarcity of labor; in slump times there is unemployment; to use a vulgar metaphor, the country, industrially speaking, is either intoxicated with its own prosperity or flat on its back with an awful headache, recuperating from the financial spree.

In its report the Committee discusses seven methods by which finance and industry can be so regulated that they will run along in a healthy fashion without the present great fluctuations of temperature. We do not here propose to attempt to summarize the specific recommendations of this Committee, but we do urge every business man and banker to get a copy of the report from the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C. The price is five cents, which we assume, but do not know, may be sent in the form of postage-stamps. Whatever differences of opinion there may be about the remedies, there can be no difference of opinion about the concluding words of the report:

> In conclusion, the Committee would reiterate its conviction that unless business men, bankers, and others who are responsible for policies and practices in industry begin without delay to study and to act in order to meet the problems of unemployment and business cycles, solutions which may prove to be fundamentally unsound will be attempted without the benefit of practical experience. No problem before the business world today offers a more inspiring challenge to sound industrial leadership.

ARE WE LOSING OUR FARMERS?

IF the Secretary of Agriculture is correct in his diagnosis of the ills of the farmer, there is probably nothing alarming in a decrease of 460,000 in the farm population of the United States. That is the measure of the net decrease of farm population during 1922, as estimated by the United States Department of Agriculture from a survey of 10,000 representative farms and groups of farms. The measure of accuracy that might be attained by an enumeration is not claimed, but approximate accuracy is.

Secretary Wallace has said more than once in recent months that a decrease in farm population at this particular time is desirable. He has pointed out that, while other industries have recovered a measure of prosperity or at least got rid of a large measure of depression, the farmer is still to some extent in the slough. The natural relief from this condition, he believes, is the shifting of a considerable portion of farm workers into other lines of industry. Both Secretary Meredith and Secretary Houston had taken, in their time, a similar position. Not going so far as to say that there should be a decrease of farm population, they did say that there should be no accretions to farm population and that the cry of "back to the land" was economic foolishness.

The figures lately published by the Department of Agriculture, gathered

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through its Bureau of Agricultural Economics, appear to show that the natural relief indicated by Mr. Wallace is taking place. The survey indicates that 2,000,000 persons, farm workers and their families, left the country for the cities during 1922. This decrease was partially offset in two ways. The shift from cities back to farms during the year was estimated at 880,000. The excess of births over deaths on the farm during the year was about 660,000. So, in spite of the fact that full 2,000,000 persons have left the farms, the net decrease is only about one-fourth this number.

The farm population of the country is estimated to have shrunk since the 1920 Census to the extent of one and one-half per cent. There were at the time of the Census enumeration 31,359,000 persons living on farms.

There has been for a long time a constant relative decrease in farm population and a corresponding increase in urban population. From 1910 to 1920 there was a net decrease of nearly 2,000,000 in farm workers, not counting the members of their families. This decrease, however, occurred wholly in the number of farm laborers, and not at all in the number of farm owners. Part of it was accounted for by an apparent decrease that had no reality. The farm census of 1910 was taken as of April 1, when practically every farm had its full quota of laborers. That of 1920 was taken as of January 1, when many farm laborers were working at temporary jobs in factories or, in a period of comparative leisure, were not working at all. There was, however, a substantial actual decrease.

In spite of that, there was during that decade an increase of seventeen per cent in cereal production per person engaged in agriculture. This increase in efficiency was achieved through the use of more machinery, more fertilizer—in short, through bigger farms and better farming.

A part of the 1922 decrease was undoubtedly due to the ability of farmers to use more machinery and, consequently, to get on with fewer laborers. A larger part of it, undoubtedly, was due to the continued depression in the price of farm products, which made it impossible for the farmer to employ as many laborers as usual at the usual wages. Most farm laborers who moved to the cities in 1922 did so either because they were out of employment on the farm or because they faced a reduction of wages.

It will be interesting to watch the outcome. Will the per capita increase in production continue in the face of this exceptional shift of laborers to the cities?

A NEW EXODUS

NEGROES have been fleeing from the South before an invasion of beetles.

Within the past twelve months, according to the United States Department of Agriculture, the State of Georgia has lost thirteen per cent of its Negro farm-hands. During the same period South Carolina has seen two-thirds as many leaving its farms, though, since the total number of farm-hands in South Carolina is much larger than in Georgia, the number leaving the State is only three per cent of the total. Alabama has lost slightly more than three per cent, and Arkansas almost the same. Other Southern States have suffered less severely.

This exodus of Negroes from the South is not a wholly new phenomenon. It became acute in 1916, and has gone through several waves.

The beetle before which the Negro is fleeing is the boll weevil. For the past two seasons the ravages of the pest have been so great as to make cotton production unprofitable practically all over the State of Georgia. If it continues even for another year as it has in the past, it will curtail cotton production enormously, and in some sections will completely wipe it out. The Negro croppers, a majority of them on thin lands, finding themselves unable to make a living from cotton, which is practically the only crop they have grown, have been forced to seek a livelihood elsewhere.

According to a map issued by the Department of Agriculture (reprinted in The Outlook for January 17), the cotton-boll weevil covered nearly the whole State of Georgia as early as 1916; but it did not appear as early as that in devastating numbers. The real onslaught came partially in 1920, but completely in 1921. By that year the cotton-boll weevil was in virtual possession of the entire territory within the limit of the cotton belt. Bad as was the year 1921, the year 1922 was even worse.

As the Secretary of Labor, Mr. Davis, sees it, the most significant phase of this movement of Negroes northward is that it was going on in the coldest months of this year. Never before in the middle of the winter has there been such a migration of Negroes. And it is continuing.

Other causes besides the boll weevil have helped to account for this exodus. With the restriction on immigration, industry in the North has begun to look to the Negro population of the South as a source of supply. Labor agencies have offered higher wages and shorter hours in the North and have had little difficulty in persuading Negroes to migrate, particularly when transportation is furnished. There is also undoubtedly an increasing dissatisfaction among the Negroes with the conditions under which they work on the lands of white farm-owners.

The effect of this exodus upon agriculture in the South and upon the cotton supply is likely to be serious. The boll-weevil compels the cotton grower to cultivate his land intensively, and thus to use more labor. With a labor shortage, therefore, some of the farmers in the cotton-raising States are at their wits' end in their fight against the boll weevil. This labor shortage and the devastation of the boll weevil combined have forced many farmers in the South to turn to other crops than cotton. Though it may take some years to readjust the farms to new crops, the effect upon agricultural prosperity in the South is likely to be eventually beneficial. The probable effect on the supply and price of cotton is obvious. Already there is a cotton shortage; and if the loss of Negro labor combined with continued depredation of the boll weevil results in a decreased production of cotton, the price of cotton is likely to be high.

BOYS' WEEK

MAY DAY this year, instead of being an occasion for the expression of discontent and rebellion in some of the great cities of the world, as it has often been in the past, was devoted, in New York at least, to a remarkable parade of boy citizens. This civic parade in New York City was a part of Boys' Week, the object of which, as stated by the Rotary Club, was "to interest every one in boys and to interest boys in themselves."

Three years ago the Rotary Club of New York City decided that it ought to have some definite object besides that of meeting at luncheon. It finally selected as this object the so-called boy problem. The Outlook has already reported the prizes offered a year or so ago by the New York Rotary Club for the best essays written by New York high school and grammar school boys on the immigrant problem. Out of this boy work has grown the conception of Boys' Week, and the New York Rotary Club interested its colleagues in the international Rotary movement. This year President Harding issued a proclamation commending the idea of Boys' Week, and the week was observed, not only in the United States, but in Great Britain, Australia, and other countries. In New York the parade of boys down Fifth Avenue is said to have been larger than any held on that great thoroughfare since war time. Many thousands of boys, divided into twelve divisions, forty-six regiments, with forty-eight bands and two fife-and-drum corps, con-

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LIEUTENANT OAKLEY KELLY

stituted the parade. Mayor Hylan and other officials of the city reviewed the parade, which was watched by great crowds of interested fathers and mothers and other citizens.

The idea of Boys' Week is an admirable one, and the Rotary Club of New York deserves great credit for developing it. It is platitudinous to say—but, like the Ten Commandments, which are platitudes, it has to be constantly repeated—that the boys of to-day are the citizens of to-morrow. Experience shows that they can be interested, and actively interested, in government and industry by such a celebration as that of Boys' Week.

COAST TO COAST COFFEE

A NEW aviation record has fallen to the lot of American fliers. Lieutenants Oakley G. Kelly and John A. Macready took an Army plane from New York to San Diego, California, in a non-stop flight of 26 hours 50 minutes 38 2/5 seconds.

They left New York on the afternoon of May 2, and reached Indianapolis at dusk. Daylight found them over Tucumcari, New Mexico. They reached San Diego at 12:27 P.M. Of the 780 gallons of gasoline with which the plane was loaded at the start, forty gallons remained. Both men were in good physical shape when they arrived, but naturally were tired.

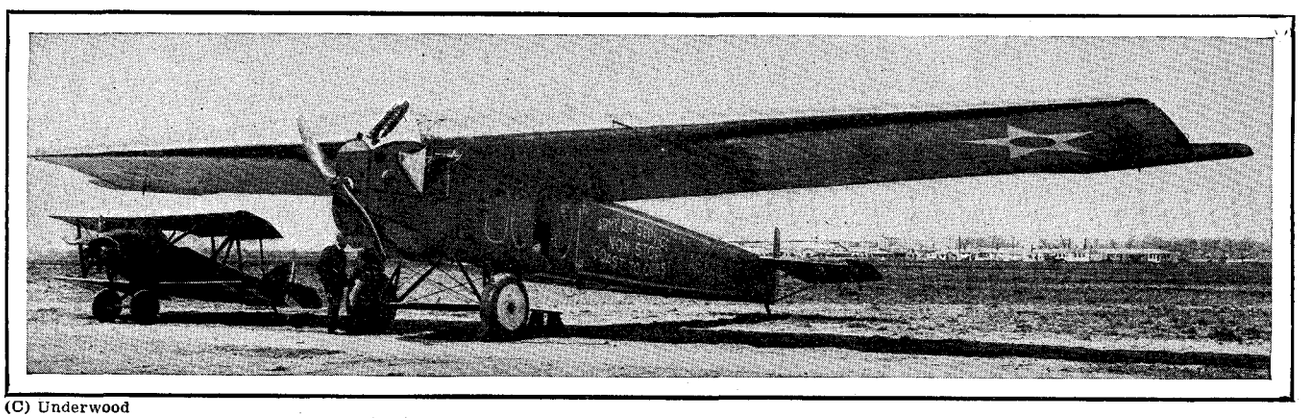
So, step by step, the world grows smaller. California, settled by immigrants who fought their way over the prairies, who struggled across the Isthmus of Panama or battled with the gales off Cape Horn, has now been brought within little more than a day's journey of the Eastern seaboard. Coffee which the aviators carried with them from New York in the conventional container was still hot when they landed on the shore of the Pacific. This method of supplying hot coffee for Californians is a bit expensive at present, though it may foreshadow a new step in Nation-wide catering. The possibilities are as limitless as the air.

CAPTAIN CONRAD

WHEN Joseph Conrad went through the usual ordeal from questioning reporters upon his arrival in New York the other day, he modestly disclaimed special ability to judge American literature. "My mind is not critical," he said; "I don't read much fiction." One reporter records him as saying: "I have not the general culture for criticism. My life has not been literary. Twenty years at sea does not form a literary mind." The incident illustrates the undoubted truth that the creative and critical faculties are quite different, and that the presence of one need not denote the existence of the other.

But from the comments of those who have had opportunity to judge of Joseph Conrad's personality, it appears that he is in fact a man of culture. Mr. Elbridge Adams's article in this journal a month ago shows that Conrad has definite, individual tastes in literature and that his power to paint word-pictures is not alone instinctive, but is based on appreciation of such writers as Turgenev and Henry James. While he had never written English when first he came to England, he had read English a great deal at sea on English ships and had before that read Shakespeare, Dickens, and other English authors in Polish. What is really marvelous is, not that he should have quickly gained facility, but that he should have such mastery of delicate shades of meaning and euphony of phrases as very few born English writers possess. He wrote a paper once on "Books as Part and Parcel of Humanity." And certainly his own books have been part of humanity's expression of itself.

Mr. Conrad was rather pleased at being unexpectedly greeted as Captain Conrad, for he still holds a master's



(C) Underwood

THE MONOPLANE T-2, IN WHICH LIEUTENANTS MACREADY AND KELLY MADE A NON-STOP TRANSCONTINENTAL FLIGHT

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license, and his love of the romance and courage and danger of ocean life is a part of himself, as it is of his books. Perhaps he has been less pleased by the somewhat excessive adulation of his genius from some of his admirers—the kind of thing that led one newspaper writer to laugh at "those sublimated journalists who crossed themselves at the sight of him and fell on their faces murmuring, 'Master, master!'"

Conrad is not always the easiest of authors to read. What an Outlook reviewer once called the "inversions, reversions, and diversions" of his narrative do sometimes halt one's interest. Yet it pays to follow him as he worms himself into his subject, and if he sometimes gets at his character by too indirect methods, making us listen to what A tells B that C thinks or feels, the trouble is worth while, for the study goes deep into human nature. Sometimes, too, he draws us into the belief that we are afloat on a tale of action and adventure, whereas really we are to deal with involutions of mind and temper rather than with deeds—that is why to some of us his highly praised "Arrow of Gold" is disappointing, whereas his more recent story "The Rescue" combines, in just proportion, the element of adventure, the picture of sea and ship and storm, and the psychology of character.

The epicures of style now writing about Conrad have delighted each to point out as his most beloved book some not very popular or widely known of his many romances; we may accordingly venture to express special pleasure in his "Youth," both because nearly twenty-five years ago its first American appearance was made in The Outlook and because it is an exquisitely written piece of prose. But to the inquirer who wants to begin to read Conrad it might be suggested to reverse the usual method and to read some of his later work first; thus he might begin with "Rescue" and follow back through "Lord Jim," elusive, but imaginative and Oriental, and so through "The Typhoon" with its splendid pictures of sea and storm, to his most subtle and strongest work, "The Nigger of the Narcissus" (first published in this country as "The Children of the Sea," through an oversensitive feeling that the original title would not be well received here), and finally to "Almayer's Folly," an early story, but one with suggestion of the fineness of the books to come.

The total impression left by the fifteen or more books put forth by Mr. Conrad in the last twenty-five years is that he is a writer of imagination, of unusual ability in conveying his impressions of nature, and of subtlety in tracing action to cause.

THE DAVISON SCHOLARSHIP FUND

THE Rhodes Scholarship Fund, under which American students are enabled to attend the University of Oxford, has been successful not only from an educational point of view but as a means of promoting friendly relations and a good understanding between Englishmen and Americans. This historic fund is about to have a counterpart in this country.

It has recently been announced that

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HENRY P. DAVISON

Mrs. Henry P. Davison has established in memory of her husband, who during the European War was one of the great American leaders in promoting better international relations, a trust fund to be known as "The Henry P. Davison Scholarship Fund." The purpose of this fund is to enable some selected students of Oxford and Cambridge Universities, either undergraduates or bachelors of arts in residence, to enter Yale, Harvard, or Princeton for courses of study covering a year or two years. Commit tees of university officers and dons have been formed in Oxford and Cambridge for the selection of the candidates. These visitors from Oxford and Cambridge will not matriculate or take regular courses for a degree in the American university which they may select, but they will be received as special students, living with the undergraduates, participating in the undergraduate life, and receiving the advice and counsel of the professors and university authorities.

The question has been asked whether Yale, Harvard, and Princeton can supply any form of knowledge or method of instruction which would be of service to the Oxford or Cambridge man reading for his degree in one of those ancient British schools of learning. The answer is that it is not the purpose of the fund so much to supply technical knowledge as it is to supply the Englishmen of the coming generation first-hand understanding of the atmosphere of American university life. It is generally conceded, certainly by college men, that the friendships formed in undergraduate life are the most profound and enduring of all personal relationships between men. No doubt as time goes on the American university will be able to contribute something of real educational importance to the English university man. But, in any event, if Oxford and Cambridge undergraduates come over here and are thrown both in the lecture-room and in athletics with the American university undergraduates, some future Prime Minister of England and some future President of the United States may find themselves in a personal relationship which will be very useful in an international crisis.

The Davison Fund is still in an experimental state, although definite arrangements have been made for the beginning of its operations at the commencement of the next academic year. Its possibilities seem to us to be very great, and we hope that it will become a permanent and important educational institution. We call it an educational institution because, in our judgment, the purpose of education is not to teach certain facts, but to make men useful, intelligent, and agreeable members of society. If this is a true definition of the purpose of education, the Davison Fund is a move in the right direction.

ART AND THE UNDERGRADUATE

IN American colleges art in its various forms has long been a subject of study, but it has not occupied a place of large influence in student life. Of course an exception must be made of literary art. In early days undergraduates to a very considerable degree were not only read widely but themselves practiced as a matter of enjoyment the art of writing. Apart from that, it was the exceptional student that took art—such as music or painting or sculpture or the drama—seriously. Music of course has from earliest days entered largely into the life of American college students, but merely as a form of amusement. Until very recently the chief musical organizations among students in college have furnished nothing but entertainment for themselves and their friends. It is true that the oldest orchestra in the United States is a college organization, the Pierian Sodality of Harvard. Though its influence on

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music in America has been very much more considerable than superficially appears, it apparently never, in its earlier days at least, occupied an important place in student life except among a small group. Indeed, according to tradition which we believe is authentic, that orchestra was for a year or two reduced to a single flute player, who met with himself regularly for rehearsals, elected himself to the various offices of the society, kept minutes of his meetings, and thus preserved tenuously a sort of musical apostolic succession through a period of musical unfaith. Similarly there has been preserved from time to time in all the colleges a tradition of interest in various forms of art; but those traditions have affected groups here and there rather than any large proportion of the undergraduate body.

To-day, however, art is becoming a force in student life which is felt outside of college walls. It is asking to be taken seriously, to be judged by standards applied to other art in the world. It is past its childhood, and is in some degree approaching maturity. If it expresses nothing else, it expresses at least a commendable ambition. It is by no means a hopeless ambition. There is no reason why the amateur may not achieve distinction even in the midst of professional rivals. Indeed, in certain phases of art the amateur may sometimes take more pains to acquire technical skill than the professional thinks worth while. Hopeless or not, the ambition evidently is there and forcing expression.

Evidence of this artistic force in American colleges has recently been produced in New York City. It happens that Harvard University, as is fitting in an offspring of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, plans its spring vacation to coincide with the Commonwealth's celebration of the Battle of Lexington, and not, as is customary to most schools and colleges in the East, with Easter. The week of April 15–21, therefore, afforded an opportunity for the invasion of New York by Harvard undergraduates with an artistic message to deliver.

First appeared the Harvard Glee Club. The days are long past when its musical achievement was measured by the laughter it provoked with "O'Grady's Goat Done That," or with the sentimental effect it produced by "Wake Not, but Hear Me, Love." However critics may disagree as to certain of the technical traits of this men's chorus, it is impossible to deny to it an exceptional degree of control over its own vocal resources. It has had the advantage of the inspiring and intelligent training of Dr. Archibald T. Davison, of the Department of Music in Harvard. In a sense, it is a product of his skill. It is, however, in no sense an artificial product. It represents the dominating musical sentiment among the undergraduates at Harvard. Its programme in New York was one of the most interesting of musical programmes given in any concert this season. It comprised a variety ranging from sixteenth-century church music to the most modern products of French, English, Italian, and American musical art.

Then for six days the Harvard Dramatic Club appeared on the stage of the Comedy Theater. Usually the only measure of Harvard's dramatic ability that New Yorkers have had has been the annual performances in musical burlesque by the Hasty Pudding Club. As usual, this year the Pudding was content with a couple of performances of a show which crowded the ballroom of the Plaza Hotel. The Pudding show has not been without its value as a training ground in art, for among the most prominent of American composers to-day are four or five who in their undergraduate days wrote the "Pudding music." And this year there is in that show evidence of some of the same musical promise that appeared in other years. It is the Harvard Dramatic Club, however, which offered itself for serious judgment. It presented two plays. For the first three evenings and the first matinée it played the "Life of Man," by Leonid Andreyev (or Andreyeff, as the programme transliterated the Russian name). That is a sort of cynical morality play, or, perhaps more accurately, a non-morality play. It is an effort to play with the problem of the Book of Job in the spirit of a very youthful satirist. It strives to portray that profound despair of the world and of destiny which is a matter of enjoyment only to those who are too young to have really experienced it. The students of Harvard and its sister college of Radcliffe who staged, directed, and performed the "Life of Man" did some very clever work, which apparently certain critics in New York failed to note because it lacked in some places professional competence. The music, the stage setting, the lighting, the costumes, and some of the acting—all products of Harvard and Radcliffe students—had elements which ought to have encouraged any one who has interest in the progress of dramatic art in the United States. For the last three evenings and the final matinée the Harvard Dramatic Club gave Sacha Guitry's play "Béranger." This performance, in spite of some elements in it that revealed the amateur's limitations, was marked by at least one piece of acting that was not lacking in distinction, and as a whole was a more even performance than is given by many a professional cast.

There is no danger that art will displace athletics in our colleges. "Old grads" need have no fear. Stadiums will still resound with cheers at the crack of ball on bat or with the thud of boot on ball. Nevertheless it is a sign of promise for the future of the country that American undergraduates are trying their hand at creative work, which is just as much a prerogative of youth as sport is, and, besides, provides one of the enduring satisfactions of life.

LABOR OR CITIZENSHIP?

ONLY twelve months ago newspapers, employers, wage-earners, and officials of the Government were still discussing means for dealing with the serious consequences of a period of unemployment. At that time the acute distress of the unemployed was still fresh in people's minds. It was impossible then to think of labor as merely a factor in industry, for labor had been presenting itself to the eyes of American citizens in the terms of destitute men, women, and children.

Now industrial managers say there is a labor shortage. With the revival of business there has come an increasing demand for the things that labor produces. As we point out elsewhere in this issue, labor agents have been active in the South, offering inducements to Negroes to journey North into the industrial centers to supply the lack of unskilled labor in and about factories. In public prints and in addresses, spokesmen for industrial managers are warning the country that the approaching revival of industry will not bring to the people its greatest possible benefits unless there is provided in some way an abundant supply of labor. As usually happens in time of prosperity, labor has ceased to be thought of as consisting of men and women and their families, but as a factor in industry, like bricks or coal or iron. There is a lack of adequate housing in many parts of the country because there is a lack, not only of house builders, but a lack of building materials, such as steel. This lack is shown in high prices that are being asked for building. Railways need new equipment. Manufacturers need additions to their factories. There is a hunger for steel. Judge Elbert H. Gary, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the United States Steel Corporation, has, according to reports, declared in substance, "I will give you steel if you will give me labor."

In consequence of this growing demand for labor in American industries there is a growing demand for the removal of restrictions upon immigration. When our factories cannot meet the de-

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mand for their products because they lack men to do the necessary work, why, it is asked, should we continue to retain on our statute-books a law that keeps the needed men out of the country? Why not let down the bars and bring in from Europe and Asia people who will gladly do the work that we want done?

Recently Judge Gary addressed the stockholders of the Steel Corporation. What he said on that occasion was interpreted very widely as an expression of belief in the removal of restrictions upon immigration. He has since then emphatically denied belief in unrestricted immigration. He has stated, on the contrary, an emphatic belief in laws which will not permit immigration that could reasonably be construed as inimical to domestic labor of any kind, to our Government, or to the public welfare.

As early as last October Judge Gary warned the American Iron and Steel Institute, however, that there was a shortage of labor, principally as a result of the Percentage Immigration Law.

All criticism of that law based upon its mechanical and arithmetical method of selecting the immigrant instead of a method of selection according to the needs of the country and the character and fitness of the immigrant is sound; but criticisms of that law because it interferes with employers' having an abundant and even superabundant supply of labor ignores one of the main reasons for immigration restriction.

In the early days of this country, when methods of transportation were crude, when the price of admission to this country was paid not in steamship fares but in the hardship and stimulating rigors of frontier life, the process of selecting immigrants could be left to the operation of natural law. Although in those early days there were not a few sent to this country who were ill fitted as founders of a new and stalwart nation, a great mass of those who came were strong in will, energetic, and devoted to the very principles on which this Government was finally established. Now, however, natural laws do not operate. The steamship, the telegraph, the railway, the artificial organism of modern industry, have all introduced factors into the forces which guide modern migrations. As a result America is no longer receiving merely the enterprising, but also the inert; not only the lovers of liberty, but also the seekers for loot; not only those who wish to put behind them the racial or national or factional or political animosities of the environment which they have left, but those who wish to bring all those animosities with them.

Americans have a duty not only to their factories, but to their children; not only to their industries, but to their Government; not only to their economic environment, but also to their political and social ideals. We can no longer afford to admit those who wish to establish here in spirit a colony of Germany, or Ireland, or Poland, or Italy, or any other country. Those who come here to live and labor must come here with the purpose, not of breaking down, but of building up the Nation. And they cannot be allowed to come in such numbers as to be capable of forming masses of unrest and revolt and increasing in times of depression the army of the unemployed. We should no longer populate regions of this country with foreigners who know only as much of America as enables them to go back and forth between their dwellings and the mine or foundry or factory. It is true that we are here on this continent as trustees. We cannot be dogs in a manger. No people has a right to keep the natural resources of its soil unavailable for the use of mankind. And we in America must recognize that fact. But we have something more than the resources of our soil to preserve and to protect and to supply to the world. We have those institutions of Government and of social order which have made America in the eyes of the common people of the Old World a land of promise. We have no more right to imperil those institutions than we have to waste our resources. Good sense as well as patriotism should lead us in America to find some method by which we can assure ourselves of a reasonable supply of labor without paying a disproportionate price in citizenship.

THE MOVIES AND THE PEOPLE

IN a recent editorial The Outlook asked its readers to give their opinions of the movies and their answer to the question, Shall there be a censorship of the movies? In response to these queries letters have come to us from Alabama, California, Connecticut, Illinois, Iowa, Kentucky, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Vermont, Washington, Wisconsin, and Wyoming.

The wide distribution of the replies indicates a very engrossing interest in the problem of the movie, and a reading of these letters indicates a practical unanimity of opinion concerning the outstanding characteristics of the motion-picture industry.

Most of the letters recognize the fact that the movies hold within them the possibilities of great social benefit. Practically all the letters recognize the fact that the movies have exerted a bad influence upon the Nation. None of the writers credits the industry as a whole with the intelligence or the willingness to discriminate between what is good and what is bad. The solution which most of the writers accept is censorship in some form or other.

The possibilities for good to be found in the movies as well as the possibilities for evil are summed up clearly by a teacher in one of the Pacific Coast States. We publish this because it is typical of many other letters which we have received:

THE MOTION PICTURE AS MOTIVE POWER

As a teacher and social worker I welcome The Outlook's determination to open a discussion of the "movies," because its readers may look for a very real exchange of ideas which will be selected and digested with the breadth and thoroughness characterizing this admirable magazine, and some of us may get our notions organized and clarified.

By way of background, the writer is a teacher of home economics in the public schools—from 1919 to 1922 assigned as Americanization worker with foreign women in one of the buildings of this city having an enrollment of 750–800 children, ninety-two per cent of whom are foreign and in eighty per cent of whose homes a foreign language is the language spoken; she is also principal of the evening school offering English for foreigners in this building. The present year, for lack of funds, the work with foreign women was discontinued, and this teacher was assigned industrial home economics with the seventh and eighth grade girls. In this building (as in most of those of the city) there is a moving-picture machine and auditorium.

We must recognize the great value of pictures as a teaching device; the rapid and vivid impression carries mass information more quickly than any other method we have devised. The difficulty is to find material suitable from recognized pedagogical standards and the means for making the transition from the mass of facts or data to conclusions.

We have secured some admirably worked out nature studies; but these, the best encountered so far, are sorely lacking in logical sequence, in bringing organized data into such series and arrangement as to give the observer material for clear conclusions. The producers have undertaken the preparation of some of the material in literature, but these disappoint—a dramatization of the admirable "Man Without a Country" as one fair example. In it the magnificently worked out theme is almost en-

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tirely subverted to a "heart interest" including Philip Nolan's marriage and the doings of his children to the third and fourth generations. The children liked it? Yes. They were interested and impressed? Yes. But were they interested and impressed by the theme of Hale's "Man Without a Country"? No. Is it desirable that they should be impressed by and interested in that theme? If so, this "movie" fails. And in this, as in many of the historical pageant productions, so much of the real argument is lost in either an attempt at "propaganda" or the fixed determination to glorify still further some more or less miscast "star."

Many of the foreign boys have sent back to the old country for their fiancées, who have joined them here. There are always a few weeks or months before the marriages take place, the girls usually living with some relative. The boys have been most anxious that the girls become "American." It has been painful to listen to these boys as they tell that they take the girls to the "movies" (or vaudeville) every week, "so they can learn how American girls act and be real Americans." Those of them who have come from a civilization that supposes some reserve and self-control in the more intimate relations of human beings receive rather severe shocks.

The younger girls in school, familiar with the movie queens, imitative as youth is and has always been of the thing it admires, give one strange effects in their somewhat grotesque and pitiful attempts at dress, posturing "personalities and types," and it is interesting and illuminating to listen occasionally to a free conversation on the relative merits and attractions of the "queens and heroes" as these discussions are carried on by twelve and fourteen year olds.

In a recent general intelligence and current knowledge test given to them one hundred per cent of these children could successfully name ten or more moving-picture actors or actresses, while five per cent could name ten names to be selected from President, Vice-President, Cabinet member, Supreme Court Justice, Governor of the State, United States Senator, Congressman, Sheriff, Mayor, Councilman, City Superintendent of Public Schools. One boy remarked, "No wonder. We have the movie people before us all the time; the others we never see, and the movies are on the billboards and everywhere all the time."

Then the perversion of humor. In almost all the shows the things at which the people laugh are pretty generally the things that are silly, or that so clearly betoken human weakness or human frailty that pity or disgust would be a more fitting response. On such a foundation how can simple kindness and an appreciation of real humor be taught?

We do recognize the inestimable possibilities in presentation of subject-matter to children and other students, and the fact that *movies do teach*. Is there not some way they may be made to teach the things most desirable and by methods tending towards more logical thinking? They do impress phases of human life and behavior. May not those phases of life chosen for impression be selected for those immature enough to be scarcely capable of doing their own censoring?

Since education is the development of the power to make intelligent choices, have we not the right and duty to select stimuli calculated to stir a behavior response above maudlin sentimentality? If we clamor sufficiently, ultimately there will be produced "education films" that answer the best pedagogical requirements with positive and constructive values; but what means is there for us to meet the deleterious results from the insidious influence of the innocuous, silly, and salacious films that eighty-five per cent of our school-children see at least once each week?

HOME ECONOMIST.

The reasons why citizens acquiesce in censorship or even demand it are presented in another letter which comes from a writer who lives a whole continent away from the school-teacher on the Pacific. It describes a constructive effort which the citizens of Binghamton, New York, undertook in their desire to minimize the evils of the movies. The writer arrives at the same conclusion which so many others have reached, that selection of good films is not enough; that a compulsory clean-up is the only solution:

IS THE PRODUCER A TRUSTWORTHY CENSOR?

IN the year 1920 moving pictures shown in Binghamton, New York, were of so low a type that public sentiment, after several years of simmering, boiled into action and a committee of women was formed representing the Civic Club and all the Mothers' Clubs of the city (perhaps two thousand families). At that time dramatic pictures dealt with nothing but sex or they were utterly vapid; almost all comedies were vulgar serials full of savage cruelty and crime. The sex theme with every suggestive appeal was so common that one heard the praise, "*For once* there was nothing immoral," as a rarity. The movie that attracted by indecency frankly advertised that point, and crowds of high school boys and girls would attend—other crowds too from every class of people.

Our Moving Picture Review Committee assigned members to attend every picture shown in the city for six months, and a record of these was kept and a "white list" published. They inspected theaters in foreign quarters and tried to see that the law regarding attendance of small children was enforced. They publicly protested one picture—and in doing so learned the unpleasing fact that local managers have almost nothing to say as to what shall be shown in the city. A list is sent to them by the producers, not for selection, but as a fixed schedule. It is therefore not the citizens of Binghamton, Buffalo, Bay City, and Butte, nor even local managers possibly attuned to the wishes of their citizens, who decide what those towns shall see, but the producers. I never hear the phrase "personal liberty" in this connection or such words applied to censorship as "repression, arbitrary power," and so forth, without remembering the distaste with which I learned that one William Fox and certain others have sovereign control over what shall be exhibited in my city.

But what the Committee in Binghamton threw their hearts and souls into was the passage of a bill authorizing motion-picture censorship in our State. While this bill was pending in the spring of 1921 the Committee appeared before their clubs and asked for promises that personal letters and telegrams should be sent to Governor Miller and to our representatives at Albany urging the measure. These promises were kept, the letters and telegrams sent, and it is safe to say that the Sixth District gave at least a friendly boost to New York State censorship.

Why did we want State censorship?

Listen and you will hear Mr. Hays, on the one hand, saying that motion pictures must be censored at their source. Listen again to writers, lecturers, preachers even, declaring that the public itself is the only proper judge. Interesting theories! Equally interesting to make the brewers sole arbiters of the liquor traffic or (supposing we were back in pre-Volstead days) to remove all such control as licenses and taxes and let the general public decide freely when, where, and how much it shall drink. Or food. Why pure food laws and a Federal bureau? Are not the canners and manufacturers censors sufficient? If not, there is the buying public, which would of course never be deceived by clever advertising or attractive containers, and is wholly composed of intelligent experts on what should be bought and fed to children!

These comparisons are not invidious. Good movies are as delightful and pleasant as good food. Such a picture as "The Three Musketeers" is a work of art, an inspiration, a delight, and appeals to all. Young lads and girls, toiling men and women, all who have a spark that fires at scenes of brave chivalry, will go home from it to dream finer dreams, and perhaps kindle them to life.

Who goes to the movies here? Nearly every sort of person. A vast number of children, a horde of new citizens getting their ideals right there at the show. Shall we give them clean, delicious food with a Government label on it, or poison that weakens, vaporizes, coarsens their minds, a product put out without any supervision, for profit only?

FANNY LEE MCKINNEY.

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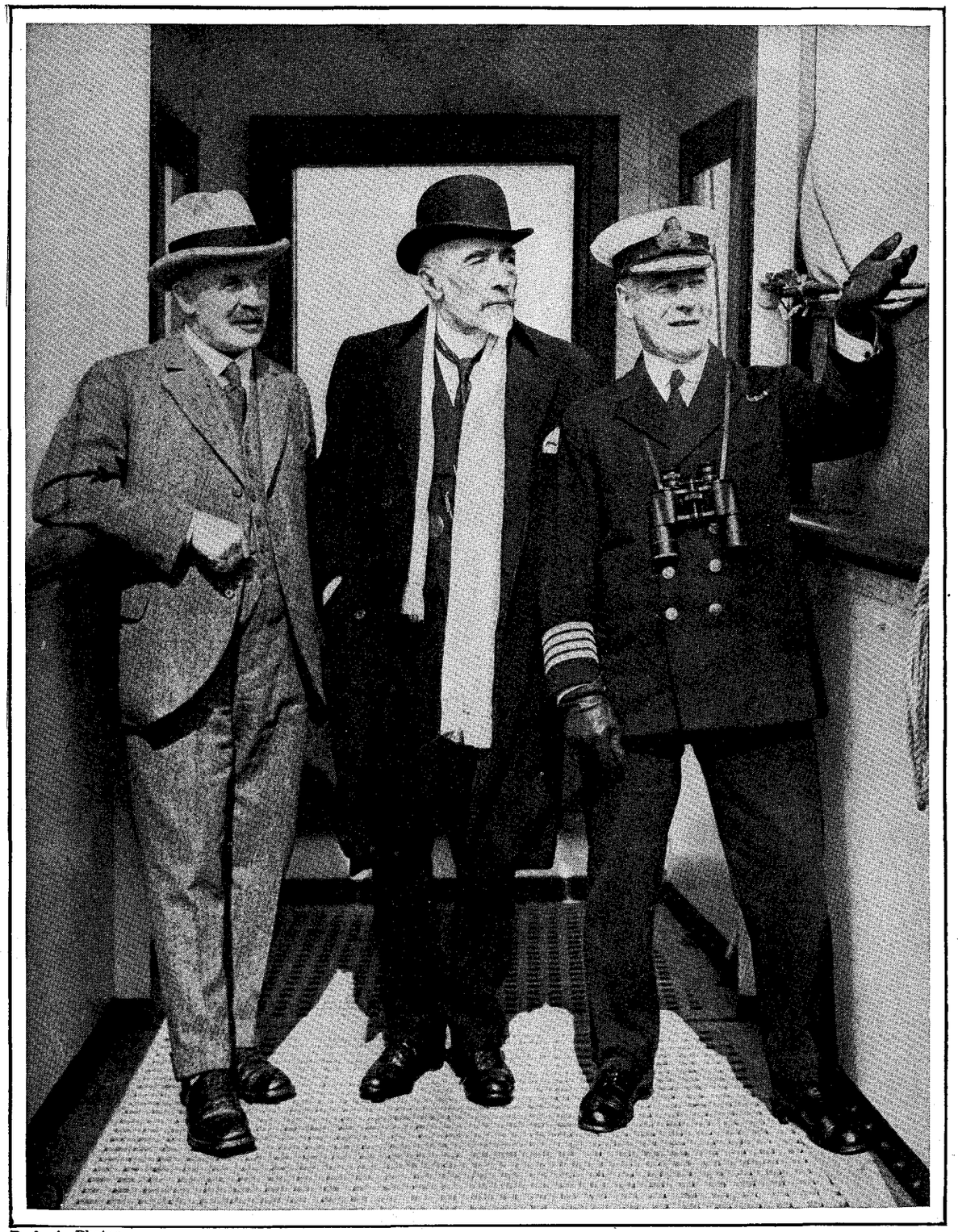

P. & A. Photos

JOSEPH CONRAD SEES NEW YORK FOR THE FIRST TIME

Mr. Conrad, the famous author of sea stories (center), arrived on May 1 on the Tuscania for his first visit to the United States. On his trip through the country he will be accompanied by Muirhead Bone (left), the well-known English etcher, who is a brother of David W. Bone (right) Captain of the Tuscania and also an author

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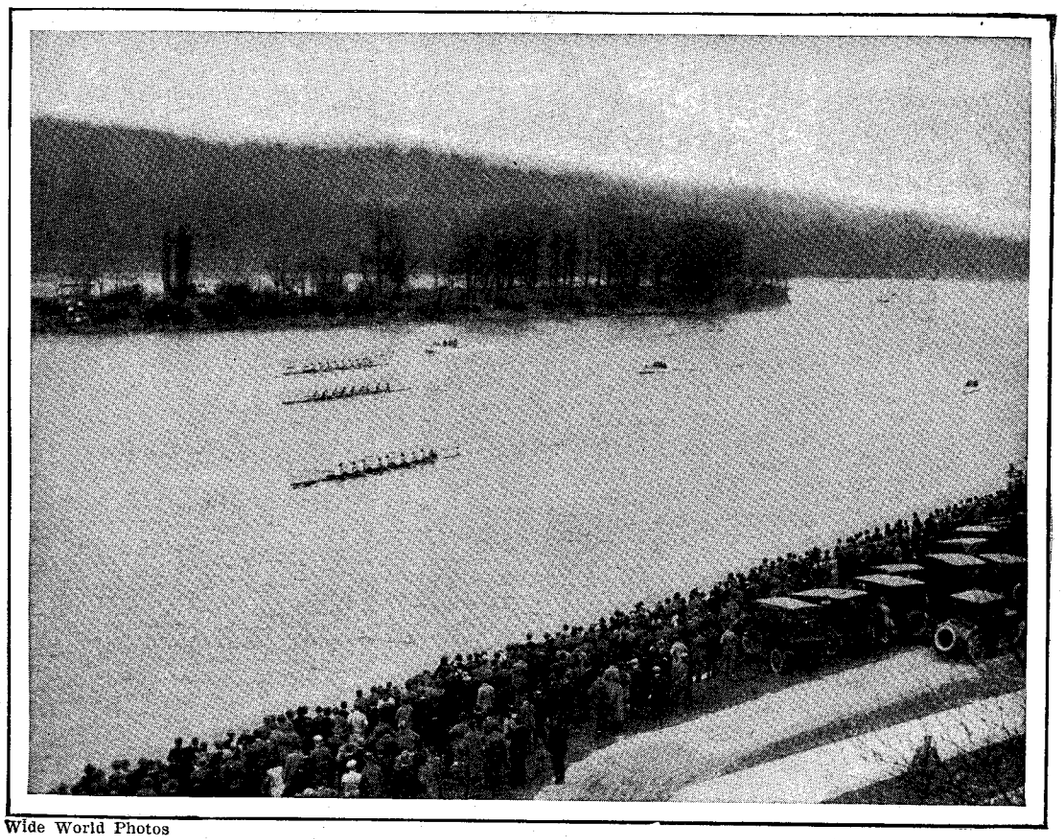
AND SWEET WATER

COLUMBIA WINS THE CHILDS CUP RACE

The photograph shows a general view of the race, Columbia leading near the finish, with Penn second and Princeton third



Wide World Photos

Wide World Photos

AN UNUSUAL CEREMONY IN NEW YORK HARBOR

The steamship Washington, of the Booras Navigation Company of New York, which is to sail under the American flag directly to Greece, Turkey, Russia, Rumania, and the Orient, was christened and blessed by Archbishop Pantelaimon, of the Greek Orthodox Church, who is the extraordinary representative in America of the Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem. The photograph shows Captain Stephen Bocoyanis, who will command the Washington, kissing a cross held by the Archbishop, while on the left is Dr. Thomas J. Lacy, of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, who assisted in the ceremonies

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THE PROS AND CONS OF PROHIBITION

I—PHARISEES AND ALCOHOL

BY HENRY W. JESSUP

THE Eighteenth Amendment has produced a fresh crop of Pharisees.

They make broad their phylacteries and embroider them with extracts from the Volstead Act, and say to all who contend that a bad law is not law, "Stand by, for I am holier than thou."

Nicholas Murray Butler in his address before the Ohio State Bar Association quoted Dean Inge:[1]

> Suppose that the State has exceeded its rights by prohibiting some harmless act, such as the consumption of alcohol. Is smuggling, in such a case, morally justifiable? I should say, Yes. The interference of the State in such matters is a mere impertinence.

Now the Pharisees are not at one with the Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral. Naturally not. "This is the law—obey it," they say. But they also say that one who, while obeying the law, believes it to be bad and works for its repeal is immoral, seeks the destruction of the souls of weak men, and is unfit for their holy companionship. On this ground one who has sworn to support the Constitution of the United States—and few of these Pharisees have done that—may nevertheless join issue, even while not coveting in any way the aforesaid companionship.

The Constitution which I swore to defend on my admission to the Federal bar was one developed along its original lines of upbuilding a National Government for National service, but which was framed with the explicit reservation to the States of their original powers to regulate their own internal affairs. The conduct of the individual where he resides is the concern of the State where he is a citizen.

It is not to be denied *that if there were to be convened a new Constitutional Convention*, duly representative of the people of the United States, even those original reservations might by due procedure be surrendered.

But the Eighteenth Amendment related to a mere sumptuary regulation of personal conduct. With equal propriety, all citizens could be required to walk naked, and the possession, sale, or transportation of pants, corsets, frillies, socks, suspenders, or B. V. D.'s could be made a penal offense. Thus would the pristine purity of Eden be restored. But it might so offend the delicacy even of the Anti-Saloon League representatives to have enforcement officers confiscate their boots or belts that they would agitate for its repeal.

But on high moral grounds the Pharisees are, as usual, wrong. Prohibition cannot produce character in the high moral sense. The divine economy, as all theologians agree, is based on the ultimate reward of character achieved by resisting evil. Strength is to be achieved by successfully undergoing testing or temptation.

The oak sapling on the side hill swaying before the winds of heaven gains thereby toughness and strength that fits it for enduring service as timber. The elder-bush sheltered behind the smokehouse is but pith, and fit only for a child's hideous whistles. I abstain from referring to its nauseating by-product—elderberry wine!

John Kelman, preaching on the "New Obedience," commented caustically on that theory of character control exemplified by the mother who turns from her engrossing social cares to cry: "Nurse, go see where Tommy is, and what he is doing; and *tell him to stop!*"

A child, active and intelligent, whose early course in life is bunkered with don'ts is going to be either broken in spirit or the suppression may prove temporarily efficient only to result in the greater reaction when the controlling power is removed or thrown off.

The ministry, so ardent a supporter of the prohibition laws, fails to realize its moral inconsistency. It is content to turn over to the State its special task, or duty, or privilege, of persuading men to self-control and so contributing to the development of character—forgetting that a sense of personal responsibility cannot develop in a padded cell. Why not go further and let the State write its sermons and distribute them by radio? The moral value of the results will in either case be equivalent. The argument made by many good and well-meaning people that personal liberty must often be curtailed in the best interests of the particular community is the statement of a truth, but has nothing to do with the case. Personal responsibility—that is, the individual's sense of it and realization of it—is the corner stone of a real Christian democracy. Eliminate that, and the sense of other moral values will be weakened, if not destroyed.

So prohibition can never make strong moral characters. Here and there, probably in every community of the land, the Pharisee can point with pride to this or that drunkard "saved" and his family decent and comfortable once more. God knows that is a great boon to the units affected, and no one could ever wish that the dog should return to his vomit and his children be again in rags. That is what the Pharisees say we all wish who oppose the Volstead and Mullan-Gage Acts.

But even these reformed drunkards, whom these esteemed clerical and lay Pharisees had never previously reformed by the exercise of their "personal Christian influence," are not an equivalent for the moral deterioration in every class of society due to anger against the Government's invasion of a province purely personal and to the determination to rebel against a wrong law. I do not recall ever having entered a saloon—certainly I was never under the influence of any strong drink, nor had I any craving for it. But, while as a lawyer I am bound to and do obey the law, yet I confess to a strong feeling of rebellion against this law as *ultra vires*, the originally contemplated Federal power, as put through, or across, if you prefer it, upon false sentimental, not moral, grounds, and by a system of coercion on individual State legislators not worthy of the Christian people who sponsored the whole movement.

I assert that my moral standard is higher than that of the clergyman who presides at a meeting to demand enforcement of the Volstead Act while known to be seeking and dealing with a "reliable bootlegger."

And I claim that if this Amendment stands unchanged or the law enforcing it is unrepealed or is not drastically amended the resultant danger in creating disrespect for all law among all classes of our citizens is greater and will have more serious results to the Nation than the death of ten thousand drunkards.

Nowadays men calculate advantage largely in dynamic or kinetic terms. If the time, money, and energy spent in putting this Amendment and these acts on our statute-books had been expended by Christian people in personal *temperance* missionary work, we would have had marvelous results in real character building.

Can that be denied? Is the man who wants to sin but is incarcerated or restricted so that he cannot physically yield to the desire ever morally benefited by that mere physical inability? Rarely, unless you treat him as a patient suffering from disease, and on that ground alone is prevention by effectual prohibition morally justified.

Repeal the Amendment. Let the States by local option regulate the liquor traffic subject to the Federal right to tax.

Restore to the respected profession of medicine its right to prescribe alcohol where necessary. Tax as heavily as you

[1] "Outspoken Essays," Second Series.

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please the sale of spirits and liquors. Refuse to license saloons. Let the individual drink or resist the temptation to drink as his conscience may direct, and so put an end to the growth of the antinomian spirit, that in some future crisis of the Nation may switch over to the disregard of and disobedience to laws that ought to be obeyed.

And let all advocates of prohibition who have stood for nullifying the Fifteenth Amendment stop criticising those who openly and courageously stand for the repeal of the Eighteenth.

Temperance or self-control is a virtue. Abstinence as a self-denying ordinance builds character. Prohibition produces Pharisees and lawbreakers.

II—A SQUARE DEAL FOR TO-MORROW'S CITIZENS

BY ALFRED E. STEARNS

IF we are not ignorantly or willfully blind, the daily papers furnish us an abundance of material for serious and sobering thought in the first half of this year 1923. Not long ago I read in the same newspaper three items of startling moment if once their sinister significance is fully grasped. Let me state them briefly.

At a banquet in one of our large cities attended by the representatives of the Commission of Public Works of the State the guests were surprised and, if reports are correct, very deeply amused at the appearance of a generous supply of nursing bottles filled with a good brand of intoxicating liquor. By nearly all present this direct and flagrant violation of the Nation's duly established law was regarded as a huge joke.

A messenger of an important business concern in this same city, while passing through the hallway of the building in which his company is located, was shot dead and robbed of his pay-roll in broad daylight by a bandit who made good his escape.

In a large Western city a group of desperadoes, heavily armed, deliberately shot and killed at the very door of a Government depository for money armed guards who were transferring funds and, after a fusillade of shots, made their escape in an automobile, carrying with them several hundred thousand dollars of stolen cash.

The connection between these three recorded instances of lawlessness may not at once appear; but the connection is there, and no one but a fool can rightly claim to be unable to see it. And when once this connection is appreciated its threatening significance must of necessity startle us into something savoring of sanity and balanced judgment. Examine for a moment the purposes, the reasonings, and the reactions of these three groups of lawbreakers. It takes no stretching of the imagination to supplement the newspaper reports and to follow these stories of crime to their natural conclusion and sequel.

We are assured that those enlightened citizens who found themselves the recipients of much-desired but law-forbidden liquor at a public banquet were convulsed with mirth, and that at later investigations undertaken by those intrusted with upholding the law of the land it was almost impossible to secure necessary information because nearly all of those involved could see nothing but the humor of the situation. And why not laugh? Some one had perpetrated a "huge joke." Some one had "put one over." Some one had "worked a clever game" and "gotten away with it." But on whom was this joke perpetrated? On whom had this humorous thing been "put over"? On the Nation, of course. On the citizens who constitute the National life and of whose unselfish patriotism we have heard so much in recent years. But why bother with that? What kind of reasoning begets such infantile, if not sap-headed, mirth? We are painfully familiar with its type in these strange times in which we are living to-day. It runs like this: "I don't approve of this law. It was put upon the statutes by men and by methods with which I have no sympathy. It is an invasion of my 'personal liberties' [whatever that long-suffering expression may mean], and, since this is so, I do not mean to obey it if I can help it. Perhaps in this way I can lead the people to see its futility." And so in clubs and in homes—wherever friends gather and unloose the vaporings of feeble minds—the silly chatter goes on; mutual congratulations are offered and accepted; sympathy and encouragement are freely extended and as freely welcomed. And all this in the realms of supposed culture and intelligence.

Unfortunately, the newspapers do not reveal so intimately the give and take, the reasonings, logical and illogical, in which the representatives of the underworld indulge. But echoes of it all reach us often enough, and again we need little imagination to translate into words the thoughts that are there, uttered or unexpressed. And these words have a strangely familiar and a sinister sound. In substance they are these: "I shot a man to-day and got away with his pay envelopes. We worked a clever game to-day down at that bank. We 'got away' with it too and cleaned up hundreds of thousands of dollars. We shot some of those slaves of capital in the process, but we 'put one over' and we won." And then the reasoning: "These laws were not made for me. They are here to protect the wealthy and the successful. I don't approve of them or of the men who made them. They run counter to my interests and they invade my 'personal liberties.' And, since this is so, I don't mean to obey them. Some day I hope, through my hostility, to see them overthrown." Again the silly chatter, the congratulations, and the encouragement. And this in the realms where murder and banditry and anarchy lurk and root and grow. Again something—a hideous thing this time—has been "put over;" and on whom? In the last analysis, it is not the business house or the bank, not even those whose lifeless bodies testify to their needless sacrifice. As before, the real victims and sufferers are the Nation and we who constitute the Nation's life and blood. Is there, then, no connection between lawlessness in high and low places? Only a fool would so contend.

I am aware that it will be at once argued that there is a vital difference between the breaking of the Nation's law and the transgression of that higher moral law that through the ages has proclaimed "Thou shalt not kill." But in the eyes of ignorance the dividing line is hazy always and often invisible; and I am chiefly concerned just now with the vicious and the rapid undermining of the very foundations of our Government and our National life. For on these foundations rest ultimately our future happiness and the security of our persons, our homes, and of all those great institutions—economic, educational, and others—built with labor and sacrifice through the passing years by men of vision and brains and endowed with a vital patriotism that found its finest expression in whole-hearted surrender to the challenge of duty rather than in stale platitudes about "rights" and "personal liberties." A more immediate personal danger may be involved in the existence of those who through unfortunate inheritance, vicious surroundings, and unsolicited ignorance have developed distorted views of human society. But a graver menace lurks in the presence among us of those who, through fortune or ability, have attained positions of prominence and from that place of vantage flaunt the Nation's laws in the faces of their less-favored fellow-men, displaying their unfitness for citizenship in a democracy by their selfish unwillingness to accept its paramount obligation, the upholding of its laws. It is from this supposedly enlightened source that influences are to-day spreading perniciously through all classes of society, quickening into renewed life and activity the ignorant and unbalanced, the self-seeker and the unrestrained, until from the hooded and self-appointed punishers of wrong to the murderers in the slums we are witness-

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ing an almost unbelievable carnival of lawlessness and crime.

As a schoolmaster, it is my special privilege to seek to mold a suitable type of citizenship for the coming generation. And as I note the influences to which these impressionable youth are so constantly subjected I am filled with increasing apprehension. Youth is plastic. Youth is imitative. And youth cannot, if it would, prevent these influences from leaving their impress, and for ill. We have been inclined to scold youth a bit during recent years. It is youth's turn to scold us of an older and supposedly wiser generation. And if youth is just, it may well do more than scold; for youth has far more at stake than have its elders.

An intelligent and law-abiding citizenship was recognized by our fathers as a necessity if this Nation was to endure. Through the passing years the youth of America has felt the challenge of this high ideal. In home, in church, and in school the duty of upholding the Nation's laws has received constant emphasis. And the clear call of duty has ever found a ready response in the heart of youth, even when it summons to the valley of the shadow of death. While older age so often clouds the issue and seeks to escape the plain but unpleasant task, youth, clear-visioned and fearless, answers and acts.

But our boys and girls will be men and women to-morrow, eager and ready to take their places and do the work assigned them in the larger life of the Nation. The ideals inculcated in home and church and school will not alone suffice to hold them steady in the world's surging cross-currents. And youth is perplexed. In the world it is about to enter it finds strange and bewildering contradictions. The countless eulogies of duty and sacrifice with which the land so recently rung sound now only as an echo out of a dead past. Strange and discordant cries reach its ears; and "duty" and "sacrifice" are not among the words it hears. A new language has appeared.

Out of the confused babel of sounds youth catches again and again the unfamiliar words "rights," "privileges," "personal liberties." "But," youth reasons, "I thought these things were dependent on and born from duty and sacrifice. Is it possible that they can exist in any other way? That fellow who had the privilege of staying home to care for his mother felt it his duty to go to France and lay down his life there; and his mother blessed him for his choice. That man of my acquaintance who in response to the call of duty risked his life on foreign battlefields had the privilege of remaining in safety with the wife and children he worshiped. That young college boy who gave his life for others in that tragic theater fire last year had the privilege of staying out of the realm of danger when he had once attained the security of the fire-escape, and yet he found in his heroic answer to the call of duty the greater privilege, and in the face of inevitable death could say with a smile on his face, 'I have no regrets.' What does it all mean?" What does it mean, indeed?

It is not easy for us to realize the powerful forces that have operated ceaselessly in our midst during recent years to bring about this change of emphasis. Yet they are apparent when we stop to look; and they have done their work, in sorrow be it said, with wonderful and deadly effectiveness. We will find them in the home, in the educational world, and in society at large. All of these forces contain elements of good; and that is perhaps the reason we have failed to measure them at their true values. But the emphasis is wrong; and to-day and for to-morrow it is the emphasis that counts. In our modern world we are deluged with such fancy catch-phrases as "self expression," fancy catch-phrases as "self-expression," and the like. However much of value may lie hid beneath their surfaces, the emphasis at least is placed squarely on *selfishness*. It is the individual, and not the society of which the individual is such a vital part, that is all supreme. Under this doctrine, now in such high favor, the child, and not the parent, too often rules in the home. The mother finds her best opportunity for self-realization in social or club life, regardless of her sacred responsibility to the young lives intrusted to her care. The father, immersed in business cares or yielding to the allurements of congenial friends and diversions, tries to ease his conscience by arguing that it is the mother's duty to care for the children, and if she won't, he, at least, should not be blamed. The schools are insistently urged by so-called pedagogical experts, whose doctrines fit in remarkably well with parental selfishness, to teach fledglings just emerging from the cradle only subjects that appeal and please. Discipline must be avoided, for discipline does not please, even if it does make self-reliant and virile men and women. Woman and workman scream for their "rights," and the sterner sex shouts for its "personal liberties." And behind all this noise and shouting lurks the ever-present shadow of selfishness. And these are the undermining influences that youth—visionary, idealistic, and naturally unselfish—must confront as the threshold to citizenship is crossed. What kind of manhood, what kind of womanhood, what kind of citizenship, may we rightfully expect from youth so sadly and so unfairly handicaped?

It is refreshing by way of contrast to turn one's thoughts from this present-day attitude of the public mind to some of those heroic and inspiring figures in our American life that stand out so clearly among the shadows of the past, or that even in the sunlight of the present day tower above their fellows and hold our affection and respect because of their unselfish devotion to their country and its historic ideals. One cannot think of Lincoln with all his humanness troubling his busy mind with thoughts of "personal liberties." And it was from the lips of that stalwart hero of the Southland that there fell those immortal words, "Duty is the sublimest word in the English language," and who insisted even in his darkest hour that were the choice again offered him and the inevitable disaster clear he would make the same choice if only satisfied that duty called. Out in the Philippines to-day there towers the figure of an American, revered and loved by all who know him, refusing to be humbled by abuse and indignities, answering now, as he has always done, the call of duty to complete the disagreeable task even at the sacrifice of personal pleasure and comfort, and all for love of country and the welfare of the world. In such examples youth will find a stimulus at least in its hard and unequal struggle to attain unselfish citizenship. But the odds are unfair; and we of the older generation are to blame. The coming generation will have little gratitude in its heart for us as it comes to realize how far we have failed to meet our proper responsibilities. What we need is a rebirth of that sense of the sacredness of the call of duty in all phases of our National life, that call to which youth so promptly and so bravely responded in the dark days of the war.

Ian Hay, the Scotch writer, tells of an experience he once had when visiting an American hospital in France, an experience which left an indelible impression upon him. As he passed through a large ward where lay many American wounded he noticed a face that could belong only to one of foreign birth. He paused for a moment beside the cot. Prompted by curiosity, he said to the sufferer, whose life was fast ebbing away, "My friend, why are you an Ameri an?" The soldier showed by his puzzled look that he failed to understand the real intent of the question. For a moment Hay was embarrassed. Then he repeated the question in a little different form. "I mean," he said, "what made you become an American?" For a moment the puzzled look remained on the man's face. Then suddenly a faint smile spread over his countenance. He lifted his hand with evident pain and let it rest on the bandage that covered the gaping wound in his side. Raising his eyes from which shone some wonderful inner gleam, he said, brokenly, "I guess this made me an American, sir."

The truth revealed to that dying American soldier is sadly needed to inspire and guide those of us who are still privileged to "carry on" in this great Republic. Without it we are unworthy of our citizenship. Without it we can never know the deepest satisfactions which that citizenship affords. Without it we shall not bequeath to posterity that noble heritage our fathers bequeathed to us.

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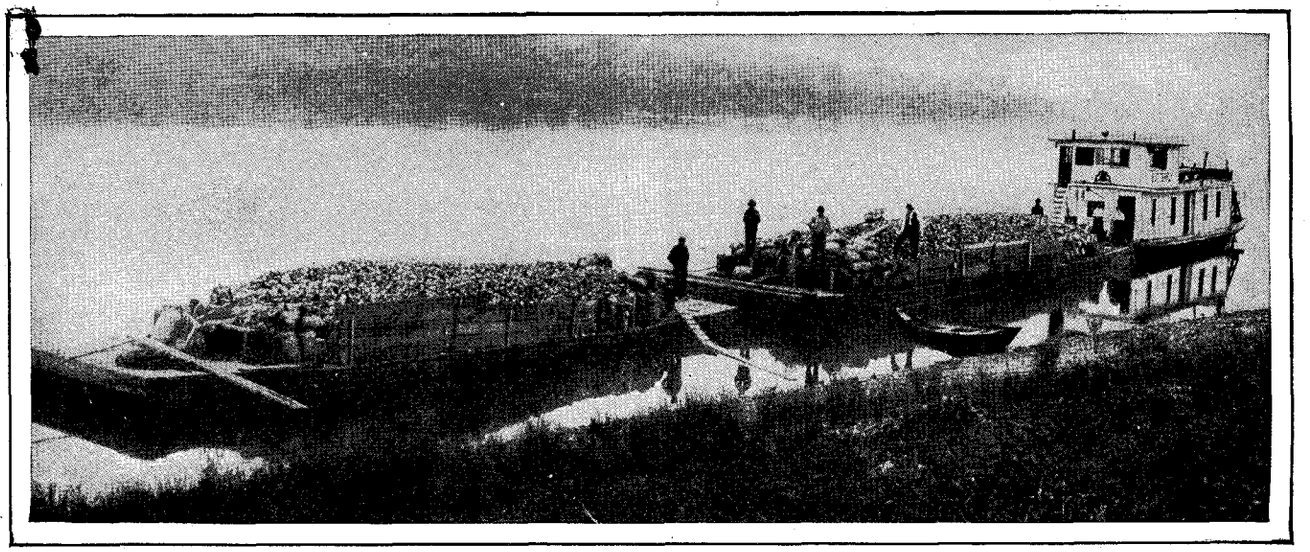


A "BUYER'S BOAT"—BARGES AND POWER BOAT USED BY A BUYER FROM ONE OF THE BUTTON FACTORIES TO COLLECT MUSSEL SHELLS FROM THE RIVERMEN, WHO CONSIDER THE SELLING OF THE SHELL AS A SIDE ISSUE OWING TO THE FACT THAT FROM THE FRESH-WATER MUSSELS FOUND IN THE RIVERS OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY $500,000 WORTH OF PEARLS WERE OBTAINED LAST YEAR

THE ROMANTIC FRESH-WATER MUSSEL INDUSTRY

BY COURTENAY SAVAGE

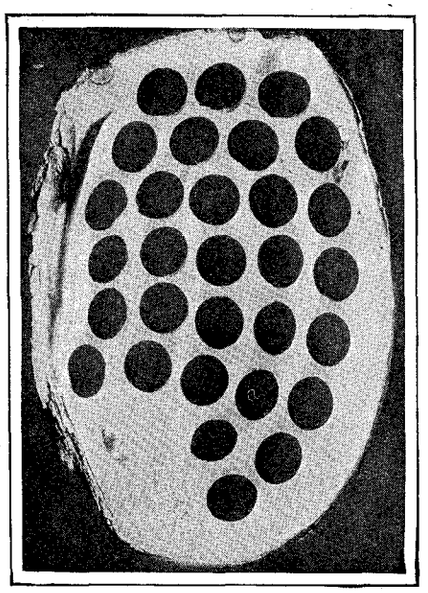
PEARLS! Five hundred thousand dollars' worth!

It reads as though it might be the beginning of a romance—a vivid story of dark-skinned divers risking their lives in the waters of the South Seas, of the ransoming of an Oriental princess, or perhaps of an American millionaire's gift to his bride. But it isn't any of these; it is part of a United States Government report, and refers to one of the branches of the fresh-water mussel industry—pearl fishing—the sum mentioned being the value of the pearls taken from the waters of the rivers of the Mississippi Basin during 1922.

It would be wrong to imply, however, that there is no romance in the fresh-water mussel industry; for, on the contrary, it is doubtful if there is any industry in this country that holds more excitement, more romance; and along the river banks, when the day's catch has been cooked and searched for the elusive pearl, and when the empty shells have been piled waiting for the buyer from the button factory, men, women, and children sit under the stars and tell the tales that stir the hearts of the hunters, bidding them hope that to-morrow is their day for luck.

"Jest heard that a colored fellow over on the Wisconsin side found a pearl that brought eight hundred," one of the men will say. And then will come an elaboration of the tale. How the colored man had been fishing for years and never made a real "find." Then one day he brought in a boat-load of mussels, cooked them up, and he and his "missus" searched the meats for pearls. There were none to be found. But later, when he was feeding a mess of the mussel meats to his pigs, the colored man thought he saw something that looked like a pearl. He picked up the object, and it *was* a pearl, one that brought eight hundred dollars.

After that story another of the group will tell of the girl who found four pearls in one season, the four being worth more than six thousand dollars, and how she had used the money to go to college. Then another will tell an older tale, a favorite with all the hunters, of the string of pearls that was made up in a Mississippi city and sold to a Spanish nobleman for five hundred thousand francs, each fresh tale firing the imaginations of those who listen, filling them with the lust that has for centuries sent men into danger—the lust of the pearl!



A FRESH-WATER MUSSEL TAKEN FROM THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER

Showing the careful cutting of the shell for buttons. This shell is about 5½ inches long

Not that the pearl hunters of the United States face any great dangers, or even deprivations, for within the past twenty years so many profitable side-lines to pearl fishing have been developed that even though the hunter finds no pearls he need never know the pinch of poverty.

The chief source of revenue, outside of the pearls, is the selling of the mussel shells to the button factories, or to the factories that make novelties such as pearl-handled knives, buckles, cuff-buttons, etc., and it is only natural that a profitable side-line, eliminating the gamble, has stimulated the growth of pearl fishing along the rivers of the Mississippi Valley.

It was about 1890 that the commercial value of the shell of the fresh-water mussel began to be realized in the United States, and button factories began to be opened at scattered points along the Mississippi River. Naturally, the growth of the industry was slow at the start, but since 1900 it has increased to such an extent that to-day the United States can boast of the largest pearl-button factories in the world, and the fresh-water mussel industry, as a whole, has become so valuable that the United States Government, through the Bureau of Fisheries, is taking active steps to see that the mussel supply is not depleted, but, rather, grows larger each year.

The majority of the pearl fishers are

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rivermen and their families, though the rapid growth of the industry has attracted the attention of many outsiders. These river people form themselves into colonies, camping out along the river banks, generally choosing for their headquarters a spot where there is plenty of shade and a quantity of driftwood for the fires. As the best fishing seasons are in the spring and summer, tents are often used, though in many cases a tumble-down shanty serves as the dwelling-place. On some of the larger rivers the pearl hunters live on shanty flatboats, drifting with the current from one field to the next, piling the empty shells on the boat until the first button factory is reached, where the haul is sold at a price that means a good living for the man who is willing to work industriously during the season.

The method of catching the mussel is largely a matter of locality, though of late years along the larger rivers—streams such as the Mississippi, Rock, Illinois, White, Ohio, Black, Okaw, Cumberland—the use of the crowfoot bar has been recognized as the most effective manner for catching mussels.

This crowfoot bar is generally a piece of pipe to which have been attached thirty or forty short lines, each terminated by a blunt hook. These bars—two are generally used—are dropped over the side of the boat, unbaited, and are allowed to drag along the bottom of the stream. There the fresh-water mussels lie, half embedded in the river bed, with the shell slightly gaping. If the hook as it drags along the bottom comes into contact with the shell of a mussel, the shell will immediately close tightly over the hook and hold on until lifted into the "johnboat," as the fishermen call their craft.

As a rule, two bars are used, first one being dragged, then the other, the usual drag being for about one hundred yards. As the hooks catch on the river bottom, practically stopping the drift of the boat, an underwater sail, called a "mule," is used to keep the boat moving. This consists of a light wooden frame covered with canvas, and is put over the stern of the boat, at right angles to the current, so that the current carries the boat along. This method of fishing is not used in windy weather, but, in spite of that handicap, about seventy per cent of the fishermen depend on the use of a "johnboat" and the crowfoot bar as a method of making their catches.

Next to the crowfoot bar the most popular method of gathering the fresh-water mussels is through the use of a dip-net. This is just a large net so arranged as to scoop the mussels from the river bottom, and, as a rule, two men manipulate it, it being possible to gather fifteen or eighteen hundred pounds of mussels in half a day by this method.

There are other and more primitive methods, ranging from the use of tongs and rakes to the use of pointed sticks, and even the bare hands. The rakes and tongs are similar to those used on the oyster and clam beds of salt water. The pointed stick is sharpened at one end and poked into the gaping shell, while the hand method, largely used along the smaller streams, consists of picking up the mussels which can be seen through the clear waters of the shallow rivers.

SEINING FISH FROM THE POOLS LEFT BY THE OVERFLOW OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER
These fish are used for the "planting" of from two to three hundred million fresh-water mussels each year, the work being carried on by the United States Bureau of Fisheries

Incidentally, it is largely from these smaller streams that the most valuable pearls are procured. The Black River in Arkansas is probably the richest pearl stream in America, the Wabash River being a close second. Along these rivers the pearls found far outvalue the market value of the shells, and the hunters not only pick the mussel shell by hand, but open the shell at once, using a knife, and searching through the meat of the mussel for the pearl they hope to find. From the Black, White, and Current Rivers, the three principal streams of the Ozark region, nearly $200,000 worth of pearls were taken last year; this in spite of the fact that no single pearl of great value was found.

Along the larger rivers, where the value of the shells makes the fishing a staple industry, the shells are never opened by hand, but are steamed out in large vats. As soon as the fisherman gets his catch ashore he hauls it to vats, which are generally of cast iron, five or six feet long, a couple of feet wide, and a foot or more in depth. These vats are placed over a trench in which a fire is built, and the mussels are covered with sacks to hasten the steaming. This steaming never takes more than fifteen or twenty minutes, and then before the mussel meats are cold the entire family sets to work at the sorting table. The meats are taken out, and each one handled separately in hopes that a pearl will be found. During the same operation, while the meats are being searched, the empty shells are roughly sorted into piles according to the variety of the shell, the various types of mussel shells having different market values.

The most abundant type of mussel, and the best when considered from an all-round commercial angle, is known as the niggerhead. This mussel has a thick, clear, lustrous shell, and sells, according to the market, anywhere from $30 to $80 a ton, the usual good market price being close to the larger figure. Even more valuable than the niggerhead, but not so abundant, is the sand-shell mussel, being of very fine texture, and so large that it can be used for knife-handles. This variety sells for as high as $90 a ton. There are numerous other less valuable varieties of shell, and they bring smaller prices, never less than $20 a ton, the average price per ton of all the mussel shell, good and bad, bought from fishermen during the year 1919 being $35 a ton. This means that the 70,000 tons of shell taken from the rivers each year is worth close to $2,500,000 to the fishermen, *and this figure does not include the value of the pearls, which are the real object of each riverman's hunt.* The pearls taken last year were worth $500,000, and in addition to this sum must be added the value of the mussel meats, 10,000 tons of which are sold a year as food for pigs and poultry, also for use as fish bait.

Of course there is no denying that the greatest attraction of the hunt is the chance of finding a valuable pearl, and each new find that is reported fans into greater flame the ambitions of the hunters. In 1914 a fisherman working in the Black River in Arkansas found a pearl that sold for $25,000, while in 1907 a pearl found on the Wisconsin side of the Mississippi River brought $15,000. A more recent pearl of great price was found in the White River, near Peal, Arkansas, and sold for $9,000. Such figures as these are unusual, of course, but prices of from $500 to $1,000 are not extraordinary, and mean a good year for the lucky finder.

As a whole the pearl hunters are fairly prosperous, for, while they work only part of the year, spring and summer, they can earn good wages, and their expenses are small. If they want

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work during the off seasons, they can generally find employment at one of the factories which use the shells they gather. The real center of the pearl-button-making industry is at Muscatine, Iowa, but the factories are scattered, nineteen States being actively interested in the fresh-water mussel industry, many of these States being along the Atlantic coast, and including New York, New Jersey, and Massachusetts. The investment in the industry runs into millions of dollars, and there are approximately 30,000 men, women, and children regularly employed in the various phases of the progress of the shell from the time it arrives at the factory until it leaves as a marketable product for both home and foreign consumption.

This fresh-water mussel industry has of course attracted the attention of various departments of the United States Government, especially the Department of Commerce, under whose supervision the Bureau of Fisheries is carrying on an active campaign to see that the mussels on which the industry depends will always be plentiful. During the years immediately following 1891, when the first button factories were opened, the mussels taken from the rivers were not replaced, but of recent years (since 1908) an active campaign of propagation has driven away all fears that the mussels would cease to be plentiful. With headquarters at Fairport, Iowa, the Bureau of Fisheries has established biological laboratories all through the Mississippi Valley. The actual work of these laboratories takes the form of rescue stations, for each spring, when the rivers of the Mississippi Basin overflow and then recede, millions of fish are left in the shallow pools that result from the receding waters and would have to die if not rescued. So the Bureau of Fisheries has arranged for the rescue of these fish, and in doing so it is possible to propagate the fresh-water mussels that are of such value.

The female fresh-water mussels deposit their eggs in pouches that are a modified portion of the gills, and there the egg remains until such a time as the mother can no longer care for the larval mussel. However, when discharged from the mother, the young mussel is not able to care for itself, and becomes the parasite of a fish, fastening itself to the fish's fin, there to remain until such a time as it drops off, strong enough to complete its growth.

Now, when the rescue agents from the Bureau of Fisheries take the fish from the shallow pools they are placed in huge receptacles in which are also the spawn, or eggs, of the mussel that is a parasite to that particular type of fish, and when the fish is put back in deep water the mussel goes along. In this manner the Bureau of Fisheries "plants" a crop of from 200,000,000 to 300,000,000 fresh-water mussels each year, insuring an unlimited mussel supply for the years to come. It was roughly estimated by the Government that 140,000,000 fish were rescued last year as part of the effort to increase the country's fresh-water mussel supply. And, as is natural, the greatest attention is directed towards those varieties of mussel that have the greatest commercial value.

"In its importance and breadth of territory the fresh-water mussel industry of the United States is unique in the world," said Herbert Hoover, Secretary of the Department of Commerce, under whose supervision the industry is listed. "Its history gives an illustration of the promptness with which an American industry can be developed, for thirty years ago the use of the mussel shell in manufacturing was unknown, yet to-day it involves millions of dollars and employs thousands of persons."

All of which is quite true, but of far greater appeal than the figures of the Department of Commerce is the romance that is inseparable with the fishing for fresh-water mussels. The age-old lure of the pearl is there, and it is this lure that banishes the monotony of the fishing, for no man knows at what hour he will meet with luck, and the law of the river is one that men obey—to the finder belongs the pearl, no matter who owns the shells.

And yet some people insist that there is no romance left in industry!

POLITICAL AMBITIONS OF HENRY FORD

AN AUTHORIZED INTERVIEW BY WILLIAM L. STIDGER

PASTOR OF ST. MARK'S METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, DETROIT

"MR. FORD is sitting tight," said a friend to me when I told him that I was to have an interview with Henry Ford over the matter of his running for the Presidency.

Mr. Ford granted me the interview.

When I went, I went with the idea that was then current in Detroit and all over America, that Mr. Ford himself was organized to make himself the President and that his institution was being used to that end. I felt in my heart that the people wanted Mr. Ford, and that he wanted the Presidency.

I came away with a different feeling about the matter.

My friend was right. Mr. Ford was sitting tight on that subject.

I could get him to talk about everything else but that.

The interview that I went to get would have been headed something like this: "What Would You Do If You Were Elected President?"

I expected him to say that he would drain the swamps, make Muscle Shoals a Government project to cheapen fertilizer; communize the railways; give us a Cabinetless régime; tear down Washington Monument; paint the White House black; put in a self-starter; take off the brass front; provide demountable rims; and organize the lawmaking process on efficiency standards, which, the gods know, is far from the status now. Efficiency in lawmaking is the "lost" word in Washington.

I told Mr. Ford that I had been traveling through the country all summer for Chautauquas; that everywhere I went people were wanting me to talk about Mr. Ford; that the first question they shot at me when I entered a little town and they knew that I was from Detroit was: "What about Mr. Ford? Will he run for the Presidency? Does he really want to be President? Will he take the nomination if it is offered to him? Who will offer it to him?"

I told Mr. Ford all of this, and he smiled, as any man would, but the smile might have meant several things. All he said was, "That's interesting."

Then I told Mr. Ford, as he sat leaning up against the radiator, of how I had purposely dipped into the minds of the common every-day man about his possible candidacy. I told him of how I had talked with brakemen on the railways, conductors, and engineers, and of how they had been enthusiastic over the hopes of his candidacy. I told him of how they had pointed to the fact that he had rehabilitated his own railway by raising wages, cutting out all Sunday work, and asking permission to lower his rates; and of how railway men everywhere with whom I had talked had said: "Henry's the man for the Presidency!"

He was pleased. He was moved. But he was not moved toward the subject of the Presidency. He was moved to tell me that he was going to build a beautiful church near Dearborn as a memorial to his mother and father. It was a strange reaction that I got from this man. He seemed to be appreciative of this Nation-wide expression of confidence, but his outlet was to tell me about the beautiful stone church.

"It was at first just to be a little chapel, but the more I think about it, the bigger it gets, and we plan for a church with a community programme and a good organ; so that the graves of father and mother may be kept intact," he said. "They are cutting up the land into subdivisions out there, and I want to preserve the burial-plot in a dignified way."

Then I told him of how the great farmer group as well as the labor and

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railway group were for him. I told him of how I had talked with farmers all over ten States and of how, as soon as they heard that I was from Detroit, they had shot the same old question: "What about Ford? Will he run?"

I told Mr. Ford of how earnestly they wanted him to run; of how he had won their friendship by fighting for cheaper fertilizer; of how he had made their toil easier by his tractor; of how, some way, they had come to trust him; and of how they had come to feel that he was an honest leader. I expected to get what the boys call a "rise" out of him on that Presidency business when I piled up these personal interviews with railway men, farmers, and labor. I told him of my belief that labor was with him—at least, the voting labor—because he had always insisted on the highest wages an industry will stand and because he had set the standard for other manufacturers to follow.

Sometimes it was difficult to tell from his face what he thought. At all times it was evident that this talk about the Presidency had gone much further than he wished. But I think I am not mistaken in believing that Henry Ford esteems the confidence of the people. This feeling that the people of America, especially the great farmer group, the railway group, and the labor group, had that he deserved their confidence struck deep into him. I expected he would say something definite in regard to the Presidency. I felt that he had to talk. I felt that there was no way out of that.

But he didn't.

Then I tried another approach. I told him that that very morning I had purposely talked with eight or ten ministers and had asked them the direct question, "If Henry Ford would run for the Presidency, would you vote for him?" From one of the most prominent Methodist ministers in Detroit I got a quick reply with a fist banged on the table: "I'd vote for him, sure! I don't see any better candidate in sight in either party."

Backed up by these ten affirmative answers to that question, I then told Mr. Ford that I believed the preachers of America were for him.

He said, "Why are the preachers for me?"

I replied: "Because you are an idealist. Because your entire life is filled with the spirit of service to others; because you are putting Christian principles into industry; because you believe in world peace; and because they trust you."

Then I shot four or five questions at him, questions that were calculated to make him give me a direct answer to the thought of what he *would* do if he were the President.

I said: "Mr. Ford, if you were suddenly given the problem of rehabilitating all of the abandoned New England farms, how would you go about it?"

He laughed aloud, like a boy who had caught me in a corner, and said: "Why, we are already doing that. We are selling more tractors in New England than any place else in the world. Farms that were abandoned a quarter of a century ago as not worth working are now feeding the big cities. Our tractor and trucks have saved the abandoned farms of New England."

My next strategic question that was to lead up to what he would do if he were the Chief Executive was: "What would you do if you were suddenly to take over a defunct automobile industry?" I had forgotten that he had recently done just that thing.

He laughed again, for he had got me into a trap, rather than my getting him into one.

He said: "We would do just what we have always done with that kind of a job."

"What did you do?"

"We tidied it up."

That was a simple and startling answer from a man who deals in billions and in world affairs, and who was a possible choice for the Presidency. "We tidied it up."

That is Lincolnesque in its homeliness. "We tidied it up."

"What do you mean by tidying a thing up?"

"We polished the brass; cleaned it up; oiled the machinery; made things look like the other plants. The minute you get a place tidied up things work better and smoother. We white-painted the dark corners so that men would not spit tobacco juice. Wherever there was a dark corner we put an electric light. That was what we did when we got the railway. We tidied it up.

"One day as I walked along the D. T. & Q. I saw a good roll of fence wire lying in the ditch, and the track-walker was asked why it was there. He said he didn't know; that that wasn't in his department. However, he soon learned that everything was in his department when it came to a matter of tidying things up. He became a champion "tidier" from that moment on, and carried that wire in on his shoulders. We tidied that railway up; tidied it up so well that we raised the wages, and wanted to lower the rates; and they have quit Sunday work. We just tidied it up; that's all."

"And now, Mr. Ford, I have come to the real question. All of the preceding questions have been put to lead up to this one. Can't we get you to become our Chief Executive and tidy things up for us?"

He laughed again. Then he became serious. He was sitting in a chair which was leaning against the radiator; he pointed to a rug which ran within a foot of where he had been sitting, and said, "Do you see that rug there?"

I nodded.

Then he reached his foot out until it almost touched the rug, and said, "I wouldn't step as far as from here to that rug to be the King of England."

And there was a ring of real sincerity as he spoke.

I honestly believe that he means what he said.

If America wants Henry Ford, it will have to draft him.

Or, in the words of the old mess sergeant in France when mess was ready and he yelled, "Come and get it!"—if America wants Henry Ford for its President, America will have to "come and get him!"

Some believe that the country will demand him. That is supposed to be the way our best men are put into office. If America gets Ford, it will have to take the matter out of politics and let the office call the man, as it did in the old days of true idealism. Henry Ford is too much of an American to be seeking the office, but, after many visits with him, I feel that if America calls he will answer, in spite of his reluctance to speak at this time.

Theodore Roosevelt was a far-seeing individual. When he made his last visit to Detroit, according to the "D. A. C. News," he said to Hugh Chalmers that in 1924 "your fellow-townsman Henry Ford will be a formidable candidate for the Presidency."

Whether Roosevelt's prophecy will be fulfilled will depend entirely upon the American people, and not upon Ford.

If we want Mr. Ford to "tidy up for us," we will have to draft him. He is positively not looking for any bigger job than he already has.

I have proved to my own satisfaction that not a single effort has been made from Mr. Ford's office to promote the Ford boom. He has not turned his hand over.

While I was in Dearborn there was a reporter from one of the most widely read New York newspapers who had been sent all the way to Detroit to make sure of this matter. He had heard, as we all have heard, that the entire Ford organization is organized to make Mr. Ford President. Last week I saw this man busy at work going through the Ford correspondence, both personal and otherwise, in Mr. Liebold's office and everywhere else. The entire books and correspondence had been turned over to his discerning eyes. He was sweating over some Ford letters when I saw him at work.

He was a fine-looking fellow, was this reportorial Sherlock Holmes; but his quest was doomed to failure. The Ford office is open to all honest inquisitions.

If Mr. Ford becomes even a candidate for the Presidency, it will not be through a single effort he himself has made or a single effort that his organization has made with his sanction.

"I have never looked for a job, and I'm not looking for one now. I have the biggest job on earth as it is," said Mr. Ford to me, as he settled down on the floor with all four feet of his chair, abandoning his dependence for support upon that radiator. With all four legs of the chair and both feet set down kerplunk, he closed the interview, saying, "No, I am not looking for a job."

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TRAVEL DE LUXE AND HOW TO AVOID IT

BY MARIA MORAVSKY

I KNOW a banker who went around the world. When he returned, I asked him about India.

"Wonderful country!" he replied, with exaggerated enthusiasm. "Very picturesque. Weird customs and beautiful women." Here he stopped.

How about China? Did you like the country?

"China is also wonderful. Weird customs. Tremendously picturesque. Fascinating women."

His descriptions of Japan, Peru, and Hawaii were similar. I recalled the brightly colored booklets, the ones which are handed to you in the ticket offices—many a country is described there in this banker's manner. Behind the banal generalities of their highly pitched style you can sense the tired writer of advertisements who never was in "Wonderful China" or "Picturesque Chile."

At first I had a suspicion that my friend the banker peacefully spent his vacation somewhere on Long Island. But no. I saw his passport full of foreign visés and his study decorated with genuine Oriental trinkets which he brought from his travels. Then why on earth didn't he see anything worth while, if he really traveled so far?

Yes, he probably saw many a wonderful thing, only he did not notice it. Our eye is but the instrument of our soul. It is like a piano. No use having the best one unless you know how to play. He did not know how to play. And it was chiefly because he traveled with too much comfort.

The overdone comfort of great ocean liners is deadly for the business man who sees nothing but the four walls of his office for the most part of the year. It dulls his senses and makes him less observant than ever.

I will start my argument with fundamentals. Let us begin with the traveler's stomach.

The dinners on most "palatial" steamers are too rich. Breakfast equals lunch and supper in Lucullus-like variety of heavy food. It is too tempting to be resisted. Consequently many a poor victim of the appetizing menu begins his day with pork chops and ends it with a pill. If the passenger of such a royal cruiser does not get permanent indigestion during the voyage, it is mostly because he already has it. Another thing which saves him from it is (pardon me) seasickness. Still another, deck golf. But even a pill, an attack of seasickness, and a golf match combined can hardly overbalance the many-coursed breakfasts, noon meals, lunches, teas, and suppers aboard.

Russians have a proverb, "The full stomach is deaf to beauty." Well, traveling de luxe helps to make it stone deaf.

But suppose you repelled courageously all the temptations of the marine menu. You don't feel sleepy after your meals. Your eyes are wide open for the strange beauty toward which you are sailing. How much of it can you see traveling aboard a super-comfortable steamer?

I had the misfortune to go to Central and South America on one of these

MARIA MORAVSKY ALL SET FOR TRAVELING BY HER FAVORITE METHOD AND IN HER FAVORITE COSTUME DE VOYAGE

widely advertised sea giants. Let us call her S.S. Gargoyle—it is difficult to talk about a boat without a name, you know.

The worst thing about the steamer was her diabolic speed. On the fifth day out we were in the Panama Canal. How can one feel distance traveling at such a rate? You look at the map, then at the daily chart in the steamer's hall, then you rub your eyes and ask yourself:

"It's real tropics already? Why, we just left New York!"

Our second step was Balboa. I overslept the first. I knew that along the way of the speeding Gargoyle lay the precious rosary of the gem islands known as the Lesser Antilles. I remembered the ominously green waters of Antigua, teeming with sharks and its beaches strewn with rose-colored shells as fragile as the petals of cherry blossoms. I remembered the purple-blue depths around St. Kitts, where the ocean is said to be bottomless and its shore black with stiffened lava poured long ago from the sleepless volcano watching threateningly over the peaceful fields of silken sugar-cane. I remembered romantic Martinique, with its houses painted with green, red, and bright blue zigzag, reminding one of photographed lightning.

And farther on the paradise garden of Dominica, with its hundred and one kinds of orchids, with its great green Washington oranges peddled by the tragically silent Carib Indians, with its innumerable little falls sprinkling the ever-green groves of gigantic ferns. And still farther—the flat island of Barbados, like a precious plate with gilded edge washed by liquid rainbows. But this time I did not see them. The Gargoyle ran by, far away from their shores—she could not stop in these little ports—you see, she is advertised as one of the fastest steamers.

Personally I do not see any use in such speed. To shorten a beautiful tropical journey seems to me as foolish as to shorten life. If one travels for the sake of travel, without an ambition to open new business markets, the best thing to do is to take the slowest boat available.

The monsters like my Gargoyle take pride in bringing you to Central America in two strides. The first one is Colon, where it always rains and the stay is so short that a person with the lazy Russian disposition is apt to oversleep it. The second stop is usually Balboa, the most uninteresting colonial settlement on the Panama Canal. It is disgustingly clean and orderly, with all houses alike—just like a Main Street in any model American village. Behind it, on the Pacific side of the Canal, lies Panama, the ancient city of undying charm, the very thought of which makes me sigh with dreamy happiness.

I shall never forget my first drive along its crooked streets, lighted mostly by flickering yellow flames of kerosene lamps shining dimly through the gilded mists.

The sleepless shops, with their doors wide open, smelt of fruit, liquor, and spices. The military band played slow waltzes on the far-away plaza. The misty, warm, spicy air was intoxicating. Its atmosphere is always like that. The spell of the languorous, sensuous city takes sudden hold on every restless heart and shapes one's dreams into passionate desires.

And then—the international parade!

Under the palms and perfumed shrubs, swaying in the light sea breezes, a brightly dressed crowd was moving slowly around the garlanded kiosk where the band was playing. Men and women of all races, resplendent in all the colors of the rainbow, seemed to dance an enchanted ballet, so rhythmical were their leisurely movements, directed by the languorous melody.

Olive-tinted Spanish señoritas in the discreetly colored silks from Paris; snappily attired tourist ladies who come

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to Panama for a spree; gigantic Jamaican Negresses, checked red-and-orange kerchiefs tied over their kinky heads; sweet-voiced, gentle-mannered colored folk from Barbados, wearing cheap modern finery; aggressive white gentlemen in Palm Beach suits; suave, dark, perfumed Panamanian dandies; Chinese and Hindu merchants; Japanese doll-like girls in their flowing kimonos—this dazzling stream of humanity seemed to represent a real, broad, beautiful, enchanting life, full of most romantic adventures. A great place to dream beautiful lies!

And then—the Sea Wall!

The moon was rising when I saw the ancient wall. The broad walk was almost empty; on that night people deserted their favorite meeting-place for the sake of the concert on the Plaza. The orange moon rays piercing the vanishing vapors gave a fantastic aspect to the old stone benches and statues. A little blue house, with a long half-open veranda filled with flowers, peeped from behind the great wall, just at the entrance. Oh, how I wished to live in that house, to sit there in the afternoon, watching the ships going out into the open ocean!

A great place to dream eternal peace!

When I am drowning (and I hope to die this way, being a passionate lover of the sea), I would like the picture of that house to lead me into oblivion. It is the best recollection from my travels.

But it was not the royal Gargoyle which took me there. The modern Best and Fastest Cruisers de Luxe would not have anything in common with the old-fashioned City of Pirates. They busily speed by—to keep their promise to carry you around the world in three months.

Around the world in three months! It is as if some one promised you that the cycle of your happy love will all be rounded in three months. And then commonplace feelings again. God save us from speedy boats!

They are merciless. Just when you anticipate landing in some unknown port along the South Pacific coast the captain's report reads that we cannot stop there on account of smallpox epidemic, or the lack of cargo, or a longshoremen's strike. Our Gargoyle seemed to hate ports, especially the smaller ones. All I saw traveling on her was the "standardized" big cities, such as Lima or Valparaiso. And the stops were so short that I would never know these cities if I remained faithful to Gargoyle and her kingly relatives. But I rebelled and returned by a slower boat.

The big size of steamers de luxe is also their big fault. Many European travelers remarked that it made them feel like living in a sky-scraper. I believe they are right. When one goes to sea, one naturally wants to feel it. But in a cabin de luxe—judge by yourself.

I wish you, prospective traveler, never had the opportunity to judge it by yourselves! Don't take a voyage de luxe unless you go on business, unless you want to reach your destination fast and never to part with a comfortable feeling of living in a New York hotel. But if you do not travel for business or for pleasure—

Here I imagine my readers interrupting me:

"Isn't traveling a pleasure? Don't we undertake it for the sake of having a good time?"

Yes, most leisurely people do, and this is another source of their disappointment. Behind the monotonous assertions of the pleasure travelers—"Oh, India is so picturesque!" "I found Japan very beautiful!" "The weird costumes. Fascinating women of the Orient"—behind all this babble learned beforehand from the descriptive booklets there often lurks great disillusionment. People who anticipated all their lives to derive great joy from traveling around the world often bring back the ill-concealed feeling of being cheated. The earth seems less beautiful to their weary old eyes than she promised to be when they were young, before they made their pile which enabled them to take the tour de luxe around the world. But of course after spending so much on a long voyage they are loth to admit that they did not get their money's worth, so they wax enthusiastic before their envying neighbors.

I always wish to cry out a warning to those who love traveling:

"Don't take a tour de luxe when you are old or 'still young.' Travel when you are a green youth, travel third class, in the steerage! Don't spend the best part of your life making your pile—it may screen the whole world from you."

But suppose you are young and wealthy. Even then there is danger for you in traveling on steamers de luxe, which are intended for pleasure only. Because traveling does not mean pleasure. You see horrible sights, depressing sights, dreary sights, besides the beautiful, fascinating, and picturesque. And the non-beautiful sights prevail. This is another reason why the pleasure-seeking travelers return home disappointed. For they do not go around the world with the rightful and important desire to see and to examine the great heritage of every man—our sorrowful, beautiful, and horrible earth. No; they go to be amused, as if the world were a merry-go-round, good for diversion only.

But even a steamer de luxe fails to carry them fast enough by the dreary shore of a nitrate desert or a pest-infected swamp. And then they blame the globe-trotting because the globe was not dressed up to their expectations.

Their safe adventuring calls to my mind the Polish folk-story about a blacksmith's apprentice whose mother wanted mamma's only boy to learn everything without tiring himself. She begged the blacksmith to hang up a basket to the ceiling and put her son into it so he would watch from there how everything in the workshop was done. At the end of his apprenticeship he knew how to make the "psh!" sound of a piece of red-hot iron touching water.

To be interested in anything means to take part in it. The passengers of a great luxurious steamer do not take any active part in the voyage; they are just human cargo. The captains know their routes to perfection, and their Gargoyles seem to be so safe and punctual as to preclude even the exciting calculations about storms and "how soon we will be there?" The passengers are protected from the winds, shaded from the sun, cooled by electric fans—no rough contact with nature! A boatman who leads his sloop from Harlem River to Oyster Bay has more actual experience in traveling than a first-class passenger who encircles the globe on a fastest, safest, and —most boring cruiser.

Now and here I must pacify the ticket agents. I am not going to undermine their trade by warning everybody against traveling on the "best and fastest" S. S. Gargoyle and the like. For the people with roomy stomachs, who like playing deck golf on their way abroad, whither they go on business, this kind of steamer is the best. These men want speed, and they get it. They are usually afraid of being seasick—the very thought upsets their business abilities. They generally like to be outside of the three-mile limit as fast as possible. Let them!

But in the life of almost every man there is a time when he craves for Great Experience. (It only happens, maybe, once in a lifetime—certainly not often enough to alarm the owners of cruisers de luxe.) Then he resents traveling in super-comfort. He does not want to be detached from nature to such an extent that she ceases to exist for him when he is locked securely in his steam-heated cabin. He wants to feel the world till it hurts!

Then let him take the slowest steamer he can find. Or, still better, persuade a captain of a freight schooner into taking him to the Arcady of his desires. He will be wet, uncomfortable, terrified by the weather, salted by the winds, and burned by the sun to his heart's content. And the sights he will see!

He would be able to stop in every port, smallpox or no smallpox. To shake the soiled hands of the natives. To eat in the spicy tropical cafés. To get indigestion from strange native food. To trade his gold watch-chain for a poor native pearl, thinking he has struck a wonderful bargain! I have experienced all these joys, and heartily recommend them to the prospective adventurers.

But the best way of traveling for the sake of real experience is to get a small boat, as seaworthy as your pocketbook permits, and go sailing as far as your engine or sails carry you.

Now that I write these words, the vision of my trusty "Skipper" begins to screen my typewriter from me. So farewell, dear readers (mariners do use archaic expressions), till I come back on my little boat with a story about my "closest to nature" travel.

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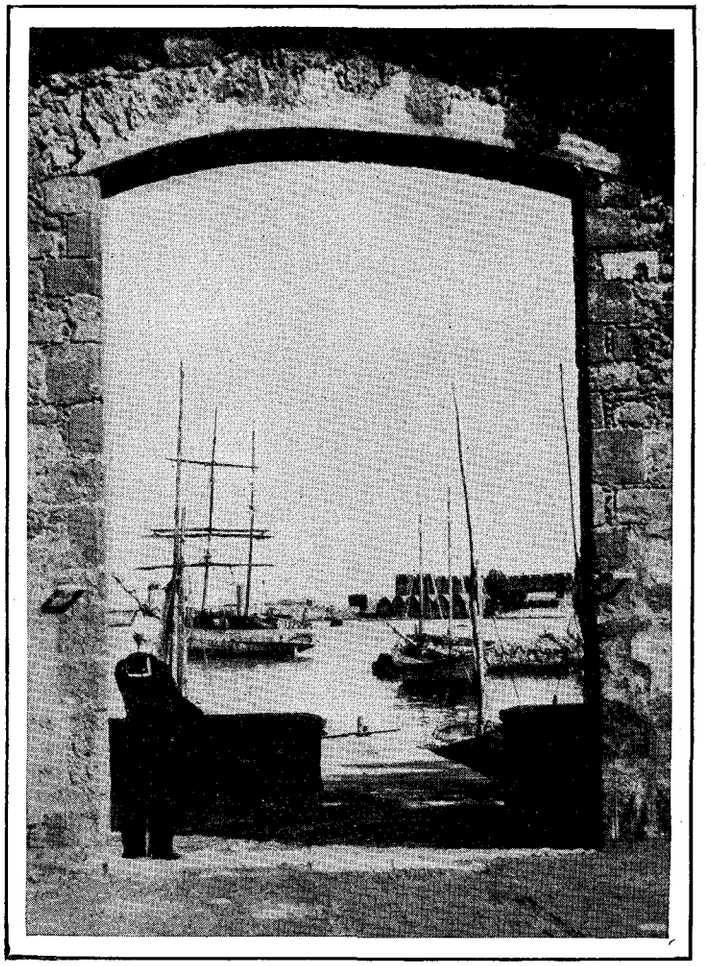
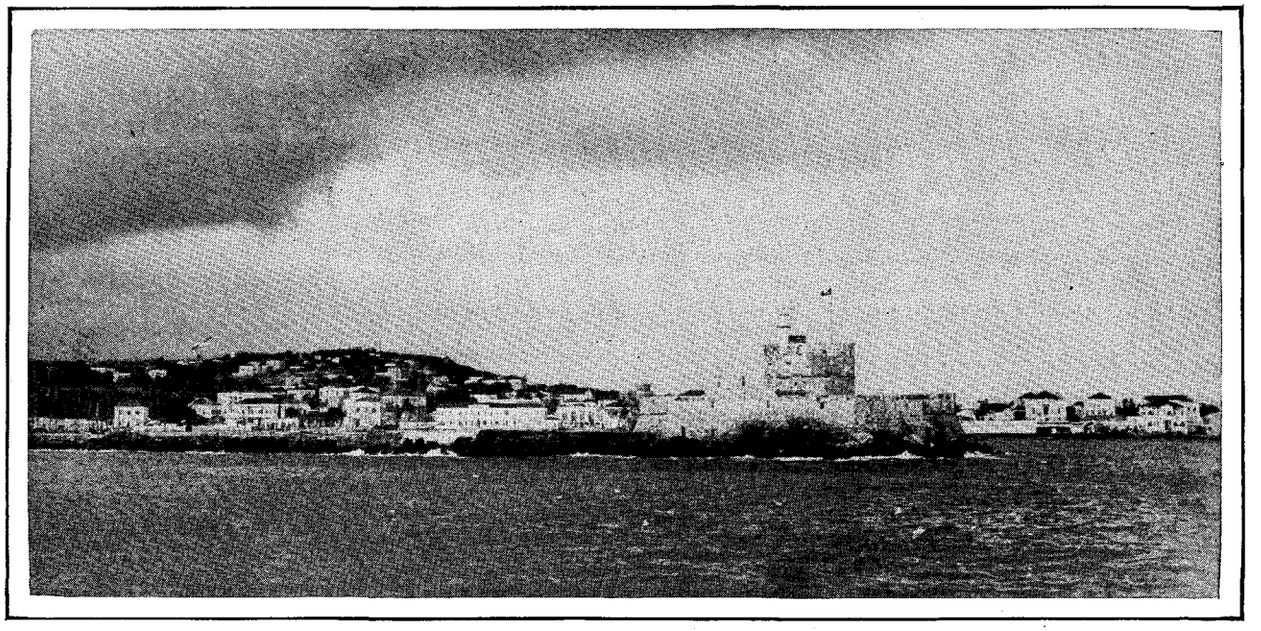
PROOF THAT RECRUITING POSTERS DO NOT LIE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. V. M. RAY, CHIEF YEOMAN, U. S. S. PITTSBURGH

THROUGH
THE HARBOR
GATE, RHODES



The Island of Rhodes is celebrated both for its fine scenery and its romantic history. The early inhabitants were noted as merchants and navigators, and the Colossus of Rhodes, erected by them in honor of the sun, was one of the seven wonders of the ancient world. Rhodes was the home of the Knights of St. John for two hundred years prior to 1522, when it was taken by the Turks under Solyman the Magnificent. It was allotted to Italy at the end of the World War



THE FORTRESS OF THE ANGELS, RHODES

These pictures were taken by Chief Yeoman Ray, of the U. S. Navy, and developed and finished by him on board the U. S. S. Pittsburgh

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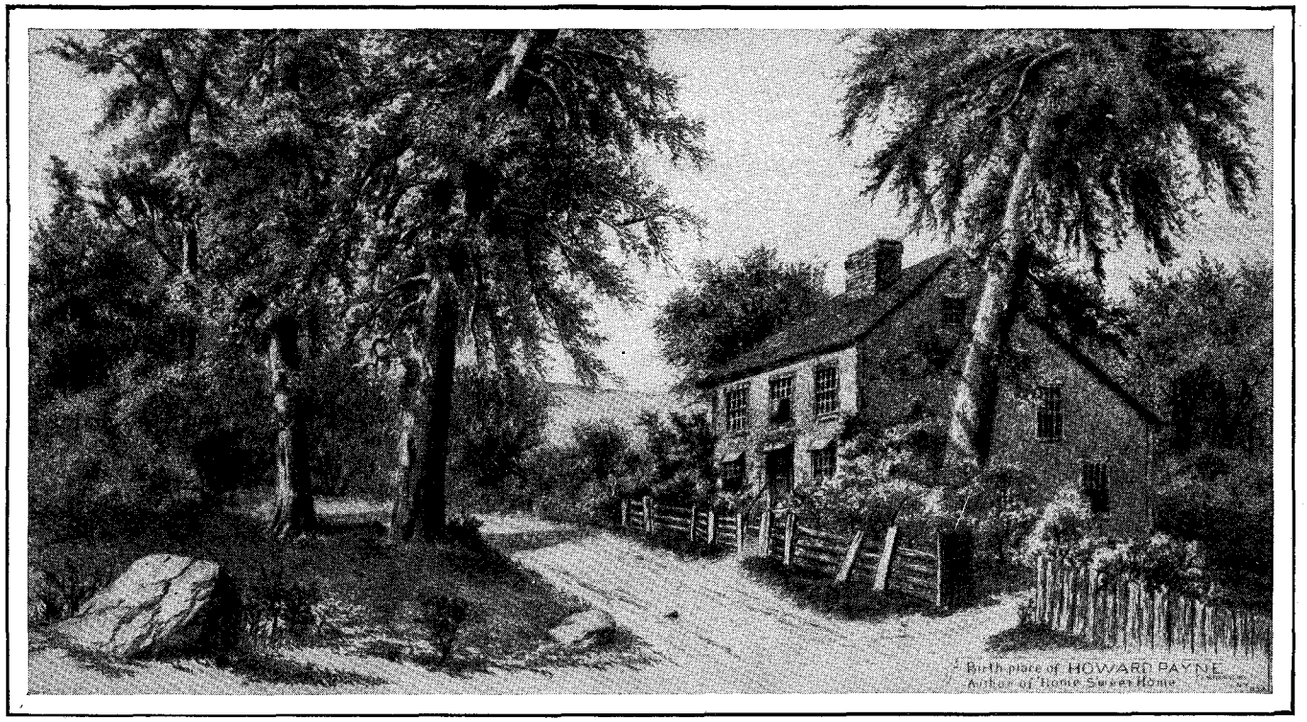
THE BOOK TABLE



THE EARLY HOME OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, AT EASTHAMPTON, LONG ISLAND, POPULARLY REGARDED AS HIS BIRTHPLACE. PAYNE WAS BORN IN NEW YORK CITY

"HOME, SWEET HOME"—ONE HUNDRED YEARS AFTER

BY GERTRUDE M. RIDGWAY

LONDON has cabled New York: "All the leading musicians will observe the anniversary of 'Home, Sweet Home,' by singing the song at concerts throughout the world."

It is only natural that the song that has touched all hearts in every clime and been translated into so many languages should owe its origin to the greatest influence in the world, "mother love." In June, 1807, John Howard Payne sustained the irreparable loss by death of his mother, of whom he writes in a touching and beautiful sketch of her character: "The stranger witnessed her urbanity; the afflicted were solaced by her sympathy; but her family alone knew the extent of that meek and unassuming goodness, which, concealed from the world, displayed itself amidst the cares, the joys, and sorrows of domestic life." "Few children," writes her daughter, "have owed more to a mother, and never was a parent more ardently beloved. Her affection knew no limitation, and was subject to no caprice."

Such tributes speak for themselves. And so it was that one more lasting monument in human history was created through that greatest and most beautiful of all influences, "mother love."

One of Payne's most intimate friends, in writing of him, says: "Nature bestowed upon him a countenance of no common order, and his eyes glowed with animation and intelligence. A more extraordinary mixture of softness and intelligence was never associated in a human countenance, and his face was an index of his heart. He was a perfect Cupid in his beauty, and his sweet voice, and self-possessed yet modest manners, made him a most engaging prodigy."

It was probably this strange combination which made him so successful an actor, for it was at this time that he made his first appearance on the public stage, at the Park Theater, in New York, as Young Norval in the tragedy of "Douglas." His début was a complete success, and success followed him. In 1812 he went to Europe under the auspices of generous patrons, and reached England after twenty-three days, only to find himself arrested as a prisoner of war. However, after two weeks' confinement he was released, and found in London a reception that more than compensated for his imprisonment, for Shelley, Coleridge, Southey, Lamb, and John Philip Kemble were only a few of the noted authors who greeted his arrival.

London and Paris received him with open arms, and for the following nine years his success was complete. He not only played the principal rôles in Shakespeare, but he also translated the leading French plays, which he sold to London managers for sums of £150 and upwards. In Paris he met Washington Irving, whom he had known from his boyhood. Irving in his private journal speaks of breakfasting with him in Paris, and adds, "Payne is full of dramatic projects, and some that are feasible."

Washington Irving, indirectly, was responsible for the greatest happiness and the deepest sorrow in the life of his friend. It was about this time that Howard Payne met Mary Shelley and the only love romance of his life began. Mrs. Shelley was not quite twenty-eight years old, while Payne was six years older, and one year older than Shelley, had he lived. The two met in Paris, where Payne, who had involved himself in debt by an unsuccessful management of the Saddlers Wells Theatre, in London, was living to avoid arrest.

Irving was at the height of his career, and Mrs. Shelley saw, through Payne's friendship for Irving, a means of access to the world, from which she felt herself excluded by the hostility to Shelley and Byron (Claire, the mother of Byron's child Allegra, was Mary Shelley's stepsister). Mary Shelley was a gifted woman and possessed a highly sensitized soul. She inherited literary talents from both parents. Her father, William Godwin, was a spendthrift, but much befriended by men of letters from widely different schools—Shelley, Coleridge, Lamb, Wordsworth, and Mackintosh and Scott. Her mother, Mary Wollstonecraft, was the author of the first work ever written on woman's rights. But, in addition to singular gifts, she inherited from her father an eager willingness to accept favors from devoted friends and admirers, and it is these conflicting characteristics which most reveal themselves in her letters to Howard Payne. A passage from her first letter to him is characteristic of

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them all: "Mrs. Harwood called on me to-day, and, expressing a great desire to find some opportunity of conversing with you concerning your American friend [Washington Irving], I thought that I might venture to say that I would ask you to meet her here."

Thomas Moore in his diary on October 17, 1824, writes that he breakfasted with Kenney and Mrs. Shelley and Miss Holcroft, and sang to the ladies; afterwards "all walked together to Stuart Newton's, where we found Irving." It is interesting to note that all of this literary group were friends and correspondents of Charles Lamb.

Mary Shelley was living quietly at Kentish Town, her chief dependence for society being Mrs. Jane Williams, to whom she was united by a common calamity; their husbands were drowned together. Howard Payne was her chief link with the world, and a more generous and devoted lover it is impossible to conceive. He keeps her in touch with literary and dramatic developments, he supplies her with all books of merit as fast as they are produced, with theater passes and opera boxes, and with books he often sends some of his own discriminating observations. The following offers some interesting comment on American society at that time:

> My dear Mrs. S., I send the remaining volumes of Cooper's last novel, which I only detained to finish reading, and hope they will arrive before you are ready for them. The early part of the work pleases me, because it reminds me of places I was familiar with when a boy, and gives a very correct view of the first movements of one of the most disinterested struggles upon record. [The American Revolution.] You can scarcely share my interest even in that part, and the rest may strike you as rather commonplace. If, as you say, Cooper cannot describe refined life, perhaps it is because it is scarcely to be seen in America. Society there is made up of farmers, mariners, merchants, and politicians. Among the latter are most of our fine gentlemen, who being obliged to accommodate themselves to the populace, and having no privileged class to keep them in mind of high manners, become habitually careless and abrupt, and by way of flattering for votes, sometimes a little mobocratic. But we have refined feelings. These Cooper describes very well, and these are no bad substitutes after all.

Mary Shelley responds with a short letter, which is merely a clever play on words, and adds:

> If Virginius should be acted and the thing practicable, I should like to see it. . . . And I will write you concerning the arrangements for the opera. By the bye, a box would be preferable, if it can be obtained. Do not talk of frowns; you are good and kind, and deserve therefore nothing but kindness. But we must step lightly on the mosaic of circumstance; for if we press too hard, the beauty and charm is defaced. The world is a hard taskmaster, and, talk as we will of independence, we are slaves.

On such beginnings were their correspondence and friendship built, with scarcely a letter from Mrs. Shelley that did not contain requests for theater tickets or the latest book or such like favor. But "it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good," for her persistency in meeting her idol, Washington Irving, at every opportunity was responsible for numerous small dinners and theater parties which brought together many of the celebrities of the day and enlivens

MISS TREE, WHO SANG THE FAMOUS VERSES FOR THE FIRST TIME IN PUBLIC

the correspondence, reminiscences, and diaries of them all.

If all through her correspondence with Payne her selfish, if refined, cruelty is pronounced, it must be remembered in Mrs. Shelley's defense that she was a sad, unhappy woman. During the six years the romance continued only one of her letters approached gayness; and this, perhaps, is the reason she sought distraction in the theater and at musical concerts. Her spirit was often depressed with her own past sorrows. But the following letter from Payne to Irving reveals only too clearly how deeply Payne's own heart was involved:

> My dear Irving, I have reflected a long time before I determined to show you this correspondence, because from its nature it might appear indelicate to expose the letters especially to you, as you are more involved in it than you even appear to be. It was some time before I discovered that I was only sought as a source of an introduction to you, and I think you will, on reading the papers, feel that I might have mistaken the nature of my acquaintance with the writer, without any gratuitous vanity. But at the same time you will admit that she is a woman of the highest and most amiable qualities, and one whose wish for friendship it would be doing yourself injustice not to meet. Of course, it must be a perfect secret between ourselves that I have shown the letters. . . . No doubt it will cost you some reflection fully to appreciate the trouble I am taking to make you well acquainted with one whom I have known so well—to transfer an intimacy of which any one ought to be proud. I do not ask you to fall in love, but I should even feel a little proud of myself if you thought the lady worthy of that distinction. . . . I have felt in honor bound to withhold nothing from you, and you must judge of what I now do, not from your own uninterested views of the subject, but from those by which I have been guided and the strong feelings I have sacrificed.

The correspondence had lasted six years or so, and Payne carried her letters with him, and at his death at Tunis, where he acted as Consul for the United States Government, they were found among his papers by W. P. Chandler, who succeeded Payne as United States Consul at Tunis. Her own letters from Payne, which may not have been kept by Mrs. Shelley, are not mentioned by any of her biographers. The first that was known to the public of this interesting series of letters concerning three famous characters in literary history was when, a few years ago, they were catalogued and sold at auction to Mr. Bixby, of New York. A careful perusal of them makes it obvious that had Payne been a little more persistent in his suit Mrs. Shelley would have married him. After her break with Jane Williams, who married Shelley's unfaithful friend T. J. Hogg (Harriet Shelley's betrayer), and as she gradually awakened herself to the unreality of her dream of marriage with Washington Irving, there is noticed a decided change in her tone toward Howard Payne; she calls for his sympathy and affection, she feels lonely, but the correspondence, as far as is known, ends here, and it is probable that Payne's pride finally asserted itself.

After the romance had ended and Payne had returned to the Continent she was attacked by smallpox, which seriously injured her beauty, and she felt much shyness at meeting her admirers and friends after that affliction. But Payne continued his attentions by keeping her supplied with passes for the plays and operas she most enjoyed.

In the early part of the year 1823 Charles Kemble, who had assumed the management of the Covent Garden Theatre in London, wrote to Payne for some new pieces to be produced at that theater. Payne accordingly sold him three manuscript plays for the sum of two hundred and fifty pounds. One of these plays was "Clari, the Maid of Milan," into which the song of "Home, Sweet Home" had been introduced.

The song had been written in Paris, on a dull October day, when Payne was occupying a small room in the upper

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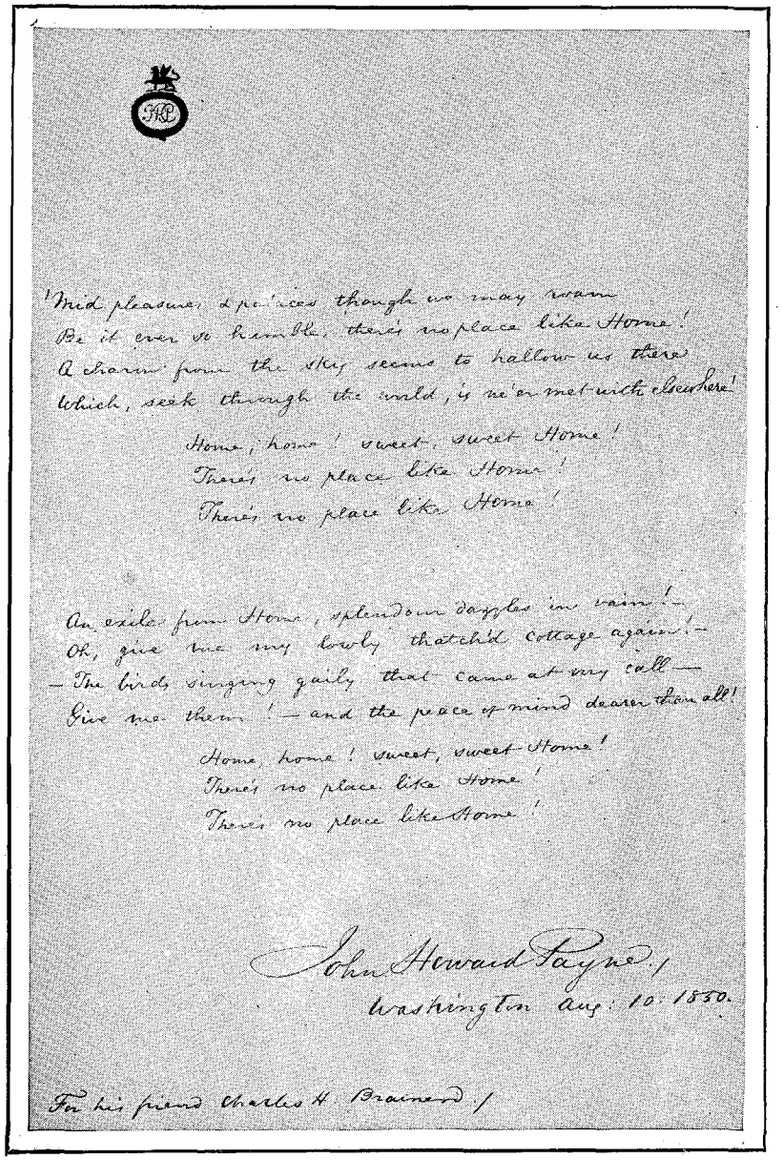

'Mid pleasures & palaces though we may roam
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Home!
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere!

Home, home! sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home!
There's no place like Home!

An exile from Home, splendour dazzles in vain!—
Oh, give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again!—
—The birds singing gaily that came at my call—
Give me them!—and the peace of mind dearer than all!

Home, home! sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home!
There's no place like Home!

John Howard Payne.
Washington Aug. 10. 1850.

For his friend Charles H. Brainerd.

FACSIMILE OF "HOME, SWEET HOME" IN PAYNE'S HANDWRITING

story of a building near the Palais Royal. To quote his own words, "The depressing influences of the sky and air were in harmony with a feeling of solitude and sadness which oppressed my soul. As I sat in my room diverting my thoughts with the sight of the happy crowds promenading the streets below, the words came rushing into my mind, to lift, console, and refresh my overburdened heart." It was under these influences that he wrote the song which has touched responsive chords in the heart of the world and immortalized the name of its author.

The following are the words of the song as originally written:

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A Charm from the skies seems to hallow us there
(Like the love of a mother,
Surpassing all other),
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere
(There's a spell in the shade
Where our infancy played),
Even stronger than time, and more deep than despair!
An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain!
Oh, give me my lonely thatched cottage again!
The birds and the lambkins that came at my call,
(Those who named me with pride,
Those who played by my side)
Give me them, with the innocence dearer than all!
The joys of the palaces through which I roam
Only swell my heart's anguish—
There's no place like home.

The author afterwards rewrote the song for Henry R. Bishop, who composed the music from an old Sicilian vesper. Payne had not the slightest musical taste.

"Clari" was produced at the Covent Garden Theatre about the middle of May, 1823, one hundred years ago, and met with a degree of success which was quite as surprising to the manager as to its author.

"Home, Sweet Home," was sung for the first time by Miss Maria Tree, sister of Ellen Tree, afterwards Mrs. Charles Kean. Her artistic rendering was particularly appealing and "brought down the house;" and more interesting still—brought Maria Tree a husband, for after the performance a wealthy London merchant sought an introduction, which was granted, and her fascinating charms did the rest.

The piece had what is called in theatrical parlance "a great run," and never failed to fill the theater to overflowing. The words and music of the song were so popular that more than one hundred thousand copies were sold by the publishers within one year after its publication. But Payne did not share in the great success which followed, and was cheated by both manager and publisher; neither did his name appear on the title-page of the song, from the sales of which the publisher realized a fortune.

It was not until 1832 that Payne was to hear his song sung in his native land. When he returned to New York, a complimentary benefit was given him at the Park Theater, where he had made his first appearance as an actor twenty-three years before; the house was filled from pit to gallery by one of the most intellectual audiences ever assembled within its walls. The tickets were five dollars for the boxes and one dollar for the gallery; the receipts at the box-office were $7,000. The critics stated next morning that it was the most brilliant and successful dramatic entertainment that had ever been given in New York.

The following day Payne heard of a parrot, belonging to a hotel-keeper, that had been taught to sing "Home, Sweet Home," and walked some distance to see it. Approaching the parrot's cage, he requested him to sing the song; when Polly promptly replied, to the great amusement of Payne, "I can't, I've got a bad cold."

Eighteen years later, in Washington, Payne was present at a concert given by Jenny Lind in a hall hastily constructed for the occasion on the ruins of the National Theater, which was filled by a most distinguished audience, among whom were President Fillmore, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, General Scott, and Howard Payne. The closing song on the programme was "Greeting to America," written expressly for Jenny Lind by Bayard Taylor. The applause was most enthusiastic, and Daniel Webster emphasized it by rising and making a profound bow to the singer, who turned towards Payne and sang "Home, Sweet Home." The audience was electrified and gave full expression to its enthusiasm at the end of the first line. But this is not unusual to-day, for prima donnas still succeed in bringing tears and heart-aches to many a wanderer, and in New York Galli-Curci sings it after a programme of modern music, and sings it with supreme taste, making the immortal song sound like a classic, although neither the words nor the music are really great. Human associations outlive art and are universal

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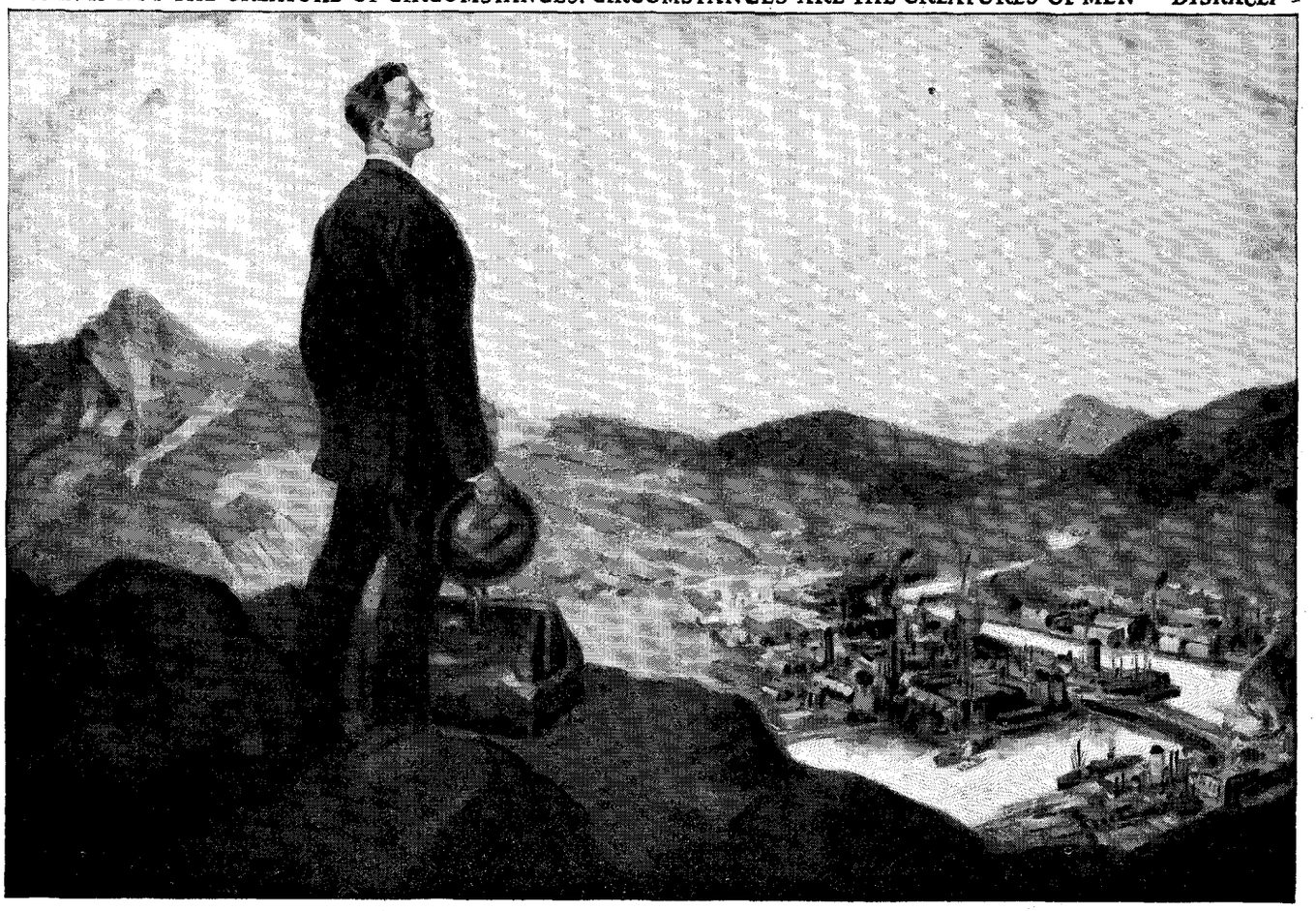
"MAN IS NOT THE CREATURE OF CIRCUMSTANCES. CIRCUMSTANCES ARE THE CREATURES OF MEN"—*DISRAELI*



THE LAND BEYOND

INTO the lives of most men comes at some time an urge—

An impulse to journey out and see what lies beyond the local horizon, to prospect other, newer lands.

The story of many a man's success is a record of that impulse acted upon—of a fortune founded in "the land beyond."

The Pacific Northwest is singularly rich in men who came—many of them empty handed—to see what the country offered. And found there opportunity, happiness and prosperity beyond the common measure.

* * *

This is an invitation to you to visit the Pacific Northwest. An invitation to *invest* in a vacation that will not only enrich your experience and broaden your horizon, but may change for greater happiness and prosperity your whole life.

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Visit the world's largest salmon fisheries and canneries; the mines and oil fields, the great harbors of the Pacific Northwest ports. And with these—and more too numerous to list—you will enjoy a scenic grandeur and climate that will make your tour an unforgetable pleasure! Yellowstone, Glacier, Rainier and Crater Lake National Parks, the Columbia River Highway, the Alaskan tour—numberless natural wonders that are nowhere in the world surpassed.

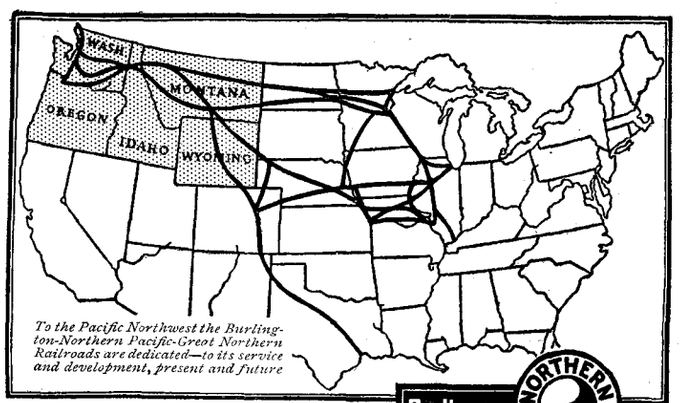
* * *

Everywhere in the Pacific Northwest—in the cities, in the country—you will sense a vastness of achievement, a rush of progress, the nearness of a great destiny—but more than that!

You will feel the *realness* of "equality of opportunity"—a higher valuation of the individual, and a larger chance for a man to succeed on his own resources.

Visit the Pacific Northwest!—not alone to see it, but to appraise it. Cover the ground yourself—weigh your abilities and means in the scale of its opportunities. Let your own judgment, based on your personal observation, decide whether or not this is the land for *you*.

Write for interesting booklet, "Through the American Wonderland." Address P. S. Eustis, Passenger Traffic Manager, Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R., Chicago, Ill.; A. B. Smith, Passenger Traffic Manager, Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul, Minn.; A. J. Dickinson, Passenger Traffic Manager, Great Northern Ry., St. Paul, Minn.



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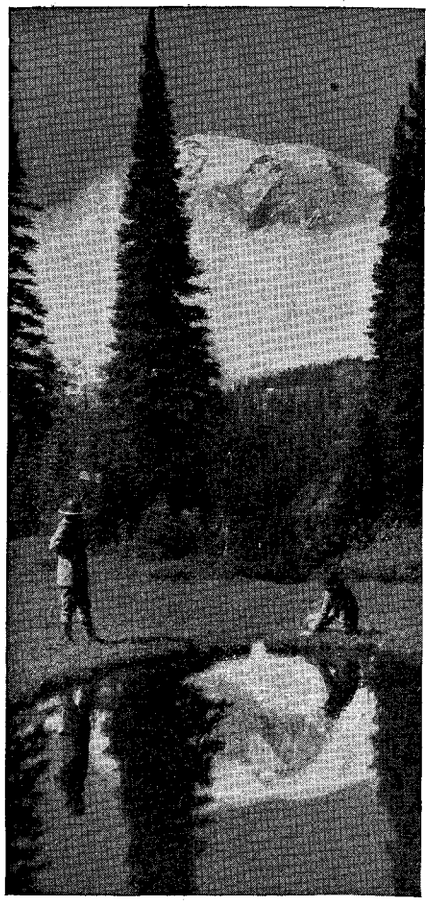

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You'll play and eat and sleep as you never played or ate or slept before.

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SEATTLE

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in their appeal, and this simple song with its simple melody lives in spite of changing fashions and changing conditions.

Could anything be more appropriate than the following lines on a white marble slab which marks Payne's grave in Tunis:

Sure, when thy gentle spirit fled
To realms beyond the azure dome,
With arms outstretched God's angels said,
"Welcome to Heaven's Home, Sweet Home!"

His remains were brought to the land of his birth at the expense of W. W. Corcoran in 1883, and they now rest in Oakhill Cemetery, Washington.

Just one hundred years after its romantic conception the manuscript, containing the original score, words and music signed and dated, has found a resting-place on these shores. Quite recently it was bought for $1,540 by Mr. Sibley, of Rochester, and presented by him to Rochester University Library. Galli-Curci was anxious to procure this original manuscript for her own famous collection, and, inasmuch as she is to-day the best interpreter of the world-famous song, perhaps she was entitled to it.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

PILGRIM'S REST. By Francis Brett Young. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

This is not the first novel Mr. Young has written dealing with mining life and economic problems. This present story has its scene in South America and its time is the period just before the war. As "The Black Diamond" presented the toil and limitations of the coal miner's life, so here the author deals with that of the gold miner, but includes many other phases of life, character, and struggle. The book has a certain solid value, but for charm and tenseness we still look back to the author's "The Tragic Bride" as his best work.

TOLSTOI'S DRAMATIC WORKS. Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $2.50.

Mr. Dole is well known as the translator of Tolstoi and other Russian authors. This volume contains Tolstoi's plays, includes some things found after his death, and has the advantage, as compared with former editions of some of the plays, of having been compared with the original text and of containing passages cut out by Russian censors.

POETRY

HILLS GIVE PROMISE (THE): LYRICS. CARMUS: A SYMPHONIC POEM. By Robert Silliman Hillyer. The B. J. Brimmer Company, Boston. $1.

Robert Hillyer already has given evidence of his skill in the sonnet and other verse forms, through which he is able to gain poignant emotional and musical effects. The first part of this book will support his reputation in this respect. Many of the lyrics and sonnets deal with the emotions attendant upon romantic love and its passing, often with genuine and successfully communicated feeling. In some instances, however, the content runs thin behind the skill, and some of the pieces are merely accomplished verse, or less. The musical analogies—such poems as "Andante," "Threnody," and "Nocturne"—reveal an interest in the sister art which may explain the author's successful manipulation of syllabic and tonal effects. The "Eight Pastorals" mark the high point in this section of the book for simple, natural, and musical utterance.

The symphonic poem is a parable of man's spiritual adventure in quest of union with an envisioned perfection; and, while an opulence of imagination and a certain engaging simplicity of treatment render it occasionally captivating, it is not, on the whole, profoundly moving. The last canto, however—which is philosophical summary—is an excellent poem in itself, closely wrought, finely written, and glowing with a high intellectual passion. The volume as a whole brings together some effective and pleasing pieces of work by a man skilled in his art. The book is mechanically attractive (printed on French glaslan, deckle-edge, hand-made paper) and contains five striking symbolic drawings by Beatrice Stevens.

ROCK FLOWER. By Jeanne Robert Foster Boni & Liveright, New York. $1.75.

Poetry extraordinarily dowered with a rich and sane imaginative quality, genuine emotional content, and the tang of life is to be found in this volume, which is Mrs. Foster's third book. What one regrets is that selection of material sometimes went wide of these things to include the now-familiar phenomenon of short *vers libre*, in which thought and emotion are grown acutely self-conscious and self-observant, with the usual result of preciosity. This is all very accomplished, of its kind; but it brings no contribution to the spirit. On the other hand, most of the poems in "Songs of Evin" and "Winds in Wild Grass"—the two best sections of the book—are instinct with the mystery and terror and pity that are at the heart of life. "Upon the Sea" and "Loneliness I" are exquisitely wrought lyrics. These and some others are done with genuine feeling and with a high degree of technical skill. The same may be said of "In Patterned Cloths," a group of sonnets distinctively feminine in psychology. On the whole, the book is rich in poetic values and the work bears the imprinted contours of an individual mind.

YANKEE NOTIONS. By George S. Bryan. Yale University Press, New Haven. $1.25.

Mr. George S. Bryan belongs to that group of writers who have forged their way into bound volumes by the pleasing path of F. P. A.'s daily newspaper column. "Yankee Notions" is a diverting volume, rich in humor, and particularly faithful in its rendering of the color and

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characteristics of New England village life. A sample of his notions is to be found in "Nigh to Jericho:"

A golden fortnight we had come afoot
Across the Green Hills. We had looked upon
Willoughby Lake, in all its highland charm;
And Memphremagog, whose discordant name
Belies its beauty, linked with Whittier's muse.
Up breezy tracks we climbed and in dark glens
We rested, or beside a vocal brook,
In the warm odors of the evergreens.
We stood on Mansfield's summit and beheld
A crumpled world—gigantic parapets
And headlong scarps—stretched like a giant's dream;
While, seen afar through that untroubled air,
Lay shimmering the long glory of Champlain.
And then, as we drew on toward Jericho,
A gaffer hailed us from a moss-hung barn,
Wishing to know what matters called us forth—
Old Home Week, so he ventured; or perhaps
A ball play, or a drill at Burlington?
"No, uncle," some one said, "we're simple chals,
Just taking in the scenery." With mistrust
He eyed us and our budgets. "Why," said he,
"I've druv across these hills fer forty year
An'"—this with scornful stress—"I never see
No scen'ry!" And he watched us out of sight.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

WANDERINGS IN THE QUEENSLAND BUSH. By W. Lavallin Puxley. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.50.

Writing largely from the view-point of a naturalist, yet in plain layman language, the author, a young Englishwoman, describes in an unconventional manner hundreds of the exotic trees and animals, plants and birds, of one of the most favored parts of the Australian Continent. Many interesting side-lights on life in Australia, concerning the people, the aborigines, the pioneers, politics, and life on a "station" or ranch are woven into the narrative. The author has been chiefly in the "out back" of the island continent, where "the weird scenery, and the endless sounds and sights and scents, and the curious animals hopping about, and the 'strange bright birds' flying overhead in flocks, and a number of other wonderful things make the Australian bush a thing to dream about."

SCIENCE

ANIMAL CURIOSITIES. By W. S. Berridge. Illustrated. Small, Maynard & Co., New York. $2.

This book is popular rather than scientific in its appeal, and is decidedly interesting in its presentation of information gathered from various sources about remarkable birds and animals. The photographs are unusually good.

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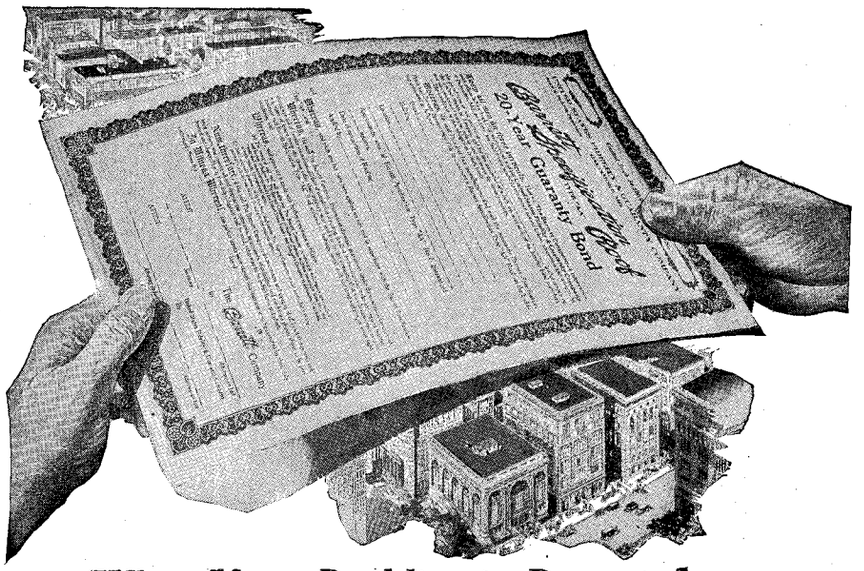

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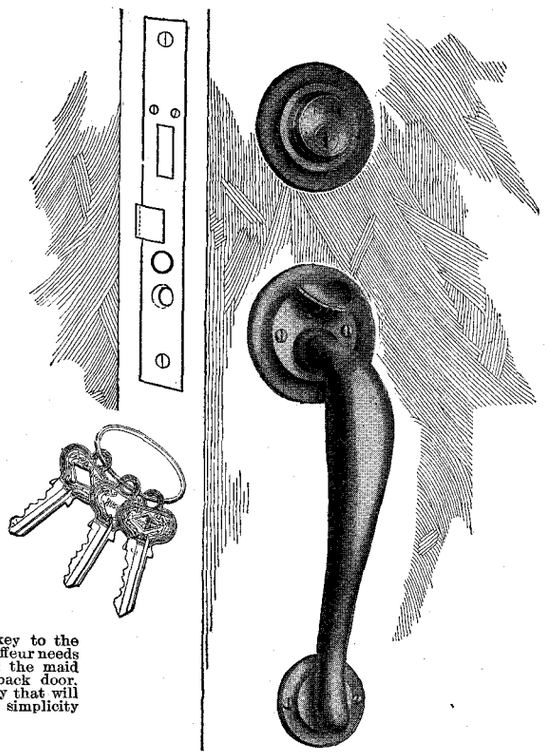

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GLORY

BY KARL W. DETZER

(The funeral of Edith Cavell, British war nurse murdered by the Germans, was held just four years ago—May 15, 1919—in Westminster Abbey, with full military honors and in the presence of the King and all the notables of the Empire. During the service the choir sang the Twenty-third Psalm.)

THE Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

The Belgian night is ripped with cannon fire,
The grim guns chant a blasphemous refrain,
Sharp lightnings flash across the twisted wire,
And star shells make mad fireflies of the rain.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul:

Patrols are tramping through a prison gate,
A woman stirs within the murky room,
The clocks are striking, sentries hesitate,
A voice is barking orders through the gloom.

He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

The sullen rain—a growl of scraping feet,
Then four sharp shots. And as the woman fell
A nation's honor died. Along the street
Ran Immortality to meet Cavell.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

The princes kneel, the drum is throbbing low,
Cavell who did her part with no regret
Comes home while melancholy bugles blow.
Man may forgive, but no man can forget!

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

VETERANS WHO WANT SOMETHING TO READ

THERE are some eight hundred ex-service men at the United States Veterans' Hospital at Oteen, North Carolina. This is a permanent hospital, high up in the mountains. These men are, we are told, extremely anxious to have more reading matter than reaches them, and it would afford them a great deal of pleasure and help if readers would take the trouble to send them current or recent magazines. Such periodicals may be addressed to, The Library, United States Veterans' Hospital, Oteen, N. C.

* * *

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CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

HENRY W. JESSUP is a well-known New York lawyer. Though born in Beirût, Syria, he is of American parentage, son of a prominent American Presbyterian missionary and grandson of William J. Jessup, of Pennsylvania, who presented to the Chicago Convention the platform on which Lincoln was first elected. Mr. Jessup was educated at Princeton and the New York University Law School, at which he later became Professor of Law. He is a member of the American, New York State, and New York County bar associations and of the American Geographic Society, and a prominent participant in the activities of the Presbyterian Church.

ALFRED E. STEARNS sees the question of prohibition from an angle directly opposed to Mr. Jessup's, and tells us in this issue why he believes we are not providing a "Square Deal for To-Morrow's Citizens." Mr. Stearns has for a long time been connected with Phillips Academy of Andover, Massachusetts, and has been principal of that famous school since 1903.

MARIA MORAVSKY casts her critical foreign eye upon present-day travelers, and finds them pre-eminently speed demons and luxury lovers. She is a Russian by birth and views Americans and their manners with an air of judicious detachment.

COURTENAY SAVAGE began writing fiction in 1909. He is a former associate editor of the "Forum" and was for two years associated on the "Reader" with Jeannette Gilder. He is a frequent contributor to magazines and is vice-president and secretary of the Wildman Magazine and News Service.

IN this issue appears a second interview with Henry Ford by William L. Stidger, pastor of St. Mark's Church of Detroit. Both Mr. Stidger's interviews have been written from the point of view of an admiring friend of the Detroit manufacturer. His opinion of Henry Ford, however, cannot be abruptly dismissed on this account, even by those who disagree with it. Political opponents of Henry Ford might as well admit that there is magic in his name. Any intelligent opposition to him must be based on a recognition of this fact.

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Pat. Dec, 17, 1912. NIGHT MFG. CO., 5 Harvard Sq., Cambridge, Mass.

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The NATION'S BUSINESS
WASHINGTON D.C.

You Must Fight

The film on teeth, or you may suffer

Under old brushing methods, few escaped tooth troubles. Beautiful teeth were seen less often than now.

In fact, tooth troubles constantly increased —became alarming in extent. That's what led to this new method, which has brought to millions a new dental era.

Those dingy coats

That viscous film you feel on teeth is their chief enemy. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Food stains, etc., discolor it. Then it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film. That's why teeth lose luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

Almost universal

Film-coated teeth were almost universal. The ordinary tooth paste could not effectively combat film. So dental science set out to find effective film combatants.

Two methods were developed. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods effective. Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. These two great film combatants were embodied in it.

The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent, which leading dentists of some 50 nations are advising now.

Fights acids too

Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Thus every use gives manifold power to these great tooth-protecting agents. That was not done before.

For beauty's sake

People who see the Pepsodent effects will always use it, if only for beauty's sake.

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Avoid Harmful Grit

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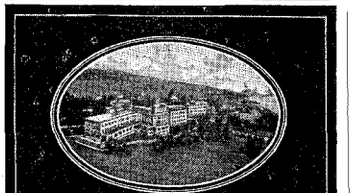
MARGARET MARY COTTAGE
CHESHIRE, MASS.
In heart of beautiful Berkshires
For chronic invalids, convalescents and infirm. Diet nursing a specialty. Rates reasonable. Mrs. George M. Egan, graduate nurse.

Health Resorts



THE GLEN SPRINGS
WATKINS GLEN, N. Y.
ON SENECA LAKE
Wm. E. Leffingwell, President
A Mineral Springs Health Resort and Hotel. The Pioneer American "Cure" for heart disorders.
Sporty Golf Course

Apartments

To Rent for the Summer. A furnished apartment of 7 rooms in **Brookline, Mass.** Location convenient and desirable. For particulars address 9,715, Outlook.

SUBLET, furnished, 3 months June 15 to September 15, in exclusive section Flatbush, near Cortelyou Road subway station, 7-room upper apartment in 2-family house; screened porch; Christian adults. 9,723, Outlook, or phone evenings Flatbush 3158-W.

NEW YORK CITY, NEAR 72D ST. Overlooking park lake, 2 unusually large rooms, bath and foyer, furnished. Hotel service. Restaurant. To sublet for summer. $175 monthly. References. Address BAIZ, Battery Park National Bank, 8 B'way.

Board Wanted

JUNE 1, for summer, by mother and son, farm or village, where boy can have remunerative work. Dry climate. Best references. Give all particulars. Mrs. Bragdon, St. Alban's School, Washington, D.C.

Real Estate

CONNECTICUT

FOR RENT—KENT, CONN. From June 1 to Sept 30. Attractive, pleasantly situated home, nine rooms, artistically furnished, all conveniences, electric light and garage. Address Owner, Box 9,731, Outlook.

TO RENT
At Southport, Conn.
For the summer months, two houses with gas, electricity, and water, furnished completely, except linen and silver. 1,000 feet from yacht club and harbor, good Sound view. One house $1,500 for the season; the other house $900 for the season. Apply Miss Wilson, telephone 281 Fairfield; P. O., Southport, Conn.

Berkshire Farm For Sale
170 Acres Located Between
WINSTED and COLEBROOK
2½ miles from Winsted R.R. station, 7 miles from Norfolk
1,300 feet above sea level. House on hilltop in midst of 60 acres of cleared land. 4 master bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. New house, new barn, artesian well, fine sewerage system. Large apple and pear orchard, gardens, hay fields. Good hunting, magnificent view. A big bargain for quick sale, much less than cost. For full particulars, terms, etc., address JOHN S. BURWELL, 207 East 16th St., New York.

MAINE

Camden, Me. FOR RENT. Fully and modernly furnished high-class seashore cottages. Best selections now. $500 to $900. Photos, plans, and detailed description. J. R. Prescott, Newtonville, Mass.

FOR RENT CAMDEN, ME.
Modern cottage with living-room, dining-room, study, each with fireplace; 4 master's, 2 servants' rooms, 3 baths; kitchen, laundry with set tubs, butler's pantry; piazza and sleeping-porch; 2-car garage. Beautiful view over Penobscot Bay. Rental $1,200. Mrs. N. B. FOSTER, 850 Park Avenue, New York.

Grand Beach, Me. For Sale or Rent
13 miles from Portland
Large summer house and garage. Six master's bedrooms, two bathrooms, room for three maids. Tennis, golf, unexcelled sea bathing. Apply to Mrs. T. O. VAN AMEE, 27 Storer St., Portland, Me.

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Real Estate

MAINE

For Rent at Heron Island, Me.
(Opp. Christmas Cove)

From June 15 to Sept. 15. A comfortable furnished, fully equipped 6-room bungalow with attic. Wonderful views of the water on 3 sides. Rent $200. For details inquire of Professor Walter H. Eddy, Teachers College, N.Y. City.

ISLESFORD Little Cranberry Island

Opp. SEAL HARBOR, ME. **To let for the summer;** house fully furnished; 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Driven wells. Views of Mt. Desert Range and ocean. Apply to V. Y. B., 506 Beacon St., Boston.

FOR RENT at MacMahan Island, Me.

July and August, **Camp Cottage.** Five bedrooms, bath, living-room, kitchen. Address The Lindens, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

MacMahan Island, Me.
FOR RENT FOR SEASON

fully furnished, homelike cottage, 6 bedrooms, 2 baths. On picturesque island, near Boothbay Harbor. Rent $400. Address D.M. Bates, 611 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

OWLS HEAD ME.

RENT FOR SEASON, 8-room cottage, garage, and 2-room bungalow cottage, on 3-acre point of land—ocean on both sides—no other houses on point. 4 miles from Rockland. Address E. K. GOULD, Esq., Rockland, Me.

PEMAQUID, ME.
NEAR PORTLAND.

For Sale or To Let

The finest estate on the coast of Maine. 300 acres. The large colonial home, furnished, and grounds will be let separate from the farm if desired. Also an 8-room cottage with garage to let. Ocean view, fine harbor and drives. W. G. Tibbetts, Pemaquid Harbor, Me.

PEMAQUID HARBOR, MAINE COAST.

Furnished cottages **to let,** 4 to 8 rooms, $150 to $300. Ocean views. Mrs. D. Whitehouse, Pleasant St., Augusta, Me.

ROBINHOOD, ME. For Sale or To Rent.

Large, well-built, furnished Colonial house, store, other buildings and steamboat wharf. 7-acre tract almost surrounded by water. Ideal summer location. 8 miles by road and steamer from **Bath.** Purchaser would receive 5% on investment from present rentals. Write for photographs and particulars. S. M. NEFF, 19 Clarks Hill Ave., Stamford, Conn.

FOR RENT SORRENTO, ME.

Six miles across the bay from Bar Harbor, delightful three-story cottage, completely furnished for housekeeping, electricity throughout. Two living-rooms, five master's rooms, two baths, two maids' rooms. Swimming pool and golf club near by, also inn where meals can be obtained. Rental $500. Mrs. R. N. MacLAREN, 128 East 78th St., New York City.

Wayne, Me.—To Rent

FOR SUMMER—Attractive 2-story farmhouse, 9 rooms, furnished; screened piazza; $100 per month; located 50 miles from Portland, near Lake Androscoggin; references required. Apply to MRS. A. L. MANTER, Clinton, Mass.

Maine Coast 8-room cottage for rent.

Bathroom, large veranda. Exceptional sea view. Pine forest and bathing beach. 12 miles from Bath and boat service from Bath and Boston. 9,761, Outlook.

MASSACHUSETTS

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Furnished house and 1-car garage from June 1 to Oct 1. Rent $300 for season. Large yard with shade. 5 blocks from Harvard University. Living-room, library, dining-room, kitchen and 2 pantries, 4 bedrooms, sewing-room, bath and lavatory. Basement laundry and toilet.
MRS. THOMAS SMITH,
307 Harvard St., Cambridge, Mass.

FOR RENTAL, July and August, Greenfield, Mass., on Mohawk Trail,

home on quiet, shady street, near by Weldon Hotel. 9 rooms, furnished with antiques; sun porch, fireplace, garden, garage. Adults. For particulars address Box 493.

Spend this Season in the

Berkshire Hills

Where the Cool, Invigorating Atmosphere Assures Health, Comfort and Recreation

FOR LIST OF

Furnished Homes for Season Rental

Address
Bureau of Information

LENOX, MASS.

NANTUCKET, MASS. Furnished Cottage

Ten rooms. Ocean frontage. $350 season. R. E. FARRIER, 487 So. Salina St., Syracuse, N. Y.

Real Estate

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Bethlehem, N. H. Furnished cottage to rent for the season, 4 master bedrooms, 2 baths, maid's room, garage with chauffeur's room; sleeping, breakfast, and living porches. Fireplace, central heat, electricity. Quiet location with fine view of Presidential Range. Easy walking distance from station, hotels, and golf club. Refs. required. 9,747, Outlook.

White Mts. Sugar Hill, N. H. For sale, rent, or exchange. Cottage, furnished. About 20 acres. Wm. E. Satchell, Owner, 211 Gates Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.

For Sale—90 Acre Farm

On lake shore, near Laconia, N. H. 40 acres *pine, two beautiful pine groves; 11-room cottage,* electric lights, fine water system, all modern improvements; 75 foot barn with electric lights. This farm would make fine summer home. Good location for summer hotel. There are also 3 nice summer cottages and room for 25 more. 10 minutes' walk to depot. H. MERRILL, Lochmere, N. H.

LAKE SUNAPEE, N. H.

Charming Summer Homes and Cottages, furnished, for rent and for sale. Write for booklets. SARGENT & Co., New London, N. H.
Headquarters Lake Sunapee Real Estate

WONALANCET, N. H.

Cottages to rent for the season
Apply to ARTHUR T. WALDEN

NEW JERSEY

For rent, season June 1–Oct. 1. Very attractively furnished 8-room house. Garage. Reasonable rent. Excellent commutation, particularly accessible to Columbia University. Telephone Hackensack 651 W. Address Mrs. Robert Nutt, 267 Union St., Hackensack, N. J.

FOR RENT SEASON JUNE 1 TO OCTOBER 1.

Seven-room furnished English stucco house. Garage, garden, attractive surroundings, easy commutation, River Edge, N.J. Telephone Stuyvesant 6171, address Mrs. C. R. Place, 35 Fifth Ave., New York City.

NEW YORK

Cottages for Rent On Lake George in Adirondacks

Golf, tennis, boating, bathing, riding. Meals at club if desired.
GLENBURNIE CO., Glenburnie, N. Y.

Adirondacks. For rent, fully furnished rooms in cottage; electric lights, open fireplace, private bath, large piazza, quiet location, near Beaver and Francis Lakes, Number 4, N. Y. Address OREN G. FENTON.

Adirondack Camp For Rent Attractively furnished.

On Long Pond, Essex Co. For particulars address D. B. MACCREADY, Culver, Indiana.

Adirondack Bungalow Camps

Furnished. For Gentiles. 5 rooms and bath, running water, open fireplace, screened porch. $195 for season. 7-room cottage, artistically furnished, $250. Garage. Surrounded by mountains. Fine center for touring. Jersey milk and cream, fresh vegetables, ice and other supplies convenient. Tubercular cases not accepted. ALMON WARD, Jay, Essex Co., N. Y.

Adirondack Summer Home for rent or sale. Large, beautiful cottage. Wonderful view. Modern and comfortably furnished. 8 master bedrooms, 3 baths and shower. Private garage. Ice and wood furnished. Servants' quarters. For price and further details write to E. M. CRAWFORD, Keene Valley, N. Y.

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For Sale or To Rent.
Also Camp Sites For Sale.
W. H. *Otis, Keene Valley, N.Y. Phone 14F14.*

Adirondacks, Auger Lake, Fordway Camps. New, attractive furnished bungalows for Gentiles, 3, 4, and 5 rooms. Boating, bathing, fishing. $150 to $250 per season, including rowboat, ice, and firewood for fireplace. MACE & NICOLLS, Keeseville, N. Y.

FOR RENT
Near Saratoga Springs. Furnished cottage. Open country. Trout-brooks. Apply to Eldridge Smith, R. F. D. 5, Ballston Spa, N.Y.

ATTRACTIVE BUNGALOW
FOR RENT FOR SUMMER MONTHS
Located directly on Trout Lake, three miles from Bolton Landing, Lake George. Entirely new. Built by present owner, who will rent for the entire season at moderate rental. **Completely furnished throughout. Five rooms (three bedrooms) and bath. Kitchen with running water. Ice, wood, and rowboat included.**
For full particulars address 9,067, Outlook.

1,000 ISLANDS

For sale or lease for term of years, Little Stave Island, about 40 acres, close to international boundary line, opposite Clayton, N. Y. Hills, valleys, and level plateaus; greatest possibilities for landscape artist. BOWEN, 1785 Seminole Heights, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Real Estate

NEW YORK

Attractive Furnished Cottages, On Cayuga Lake, near Cayuga, N. Y. $150 to $300 per season. Excellent boating, bathing, fishing. Convenient for supplies. H. COWING, 3814 Prospect, Cleveland, Ohio.

FOR SALE 130-Acre Farm,

woodland, brook, spring water piped in house, all improvements. 6-room tenant house. Price $15,000. Mrs. J. L. WYCKOFF, Copake Falls, N. Y.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN Shore front camp for rent,

furnished. Magnificent lake and mountain view. Sand beach for children. 7 rooms and bath. Rental $375. For floor plans, etc., address C. H. Easton, Box 1, Scarborough, N.Y.

FOR RENT

On Beautiful Lake Champlain
Facing Green Mountains of Vermont

Furnished stone house of nine rooms and three baths. Garage. $1,200 for the season and to include family membership to private golf course (near), vegetable garden, ice, 4 quarts a day of certified Jersey milk, more if purchased, eggs, broilers to be had on premises. 2 miles from stores and D. & H. R. R. trains. Address
H. E. POTTS, Willsboro, Essex County, N.Y.

Lake Champlain. For sale or rent, cottage, 6 rooms, furnished; south of Essex, ideal location; beach; $2,500; $150 season. E. W. Leaning, 91 State St., Albany, N. Y.

For Rent, furnished house, in Flushing. Eleven rooms, four baths, hardwood floors, gas and electricity, garden, heated three-car garage. Adjoins Old Country Club. Telephone to Flushing 2246, or write Mitchell, 207 Whitestone Ave., Flushing, L. I.

LYNBROOK, L. I. HOUSE to rent.

Nicely furnished, 6 rooms and bath; 3 bedrooms, 1 double, 2 single: June 1–Oct. 1. Expresses 35 mins. Penn. station, 15 mins. Long Beach. Cool, quiet, comfortable. Address 9,705, Outlook.

Westchester Bargain: White Plains express trains, trolley to property. Owner called away, must sacrifice charming new house, adjacent Knollwood Country Club. 8 large, attractive rooms, 2 fireplaces, hot-water heat, gas, electricity, spacious closets. $13,000. Could not be built today under $16,000. Telephone or write owner, RODENBAECK, 1230 Amsterdam Ave., N. Y. Morningside 4585.

VERMONT

Cheap Place in Country

3½ miles from railroad station, about 2 acres of land (could buy more), brick house of 7 rooms, 3 open fireplaces, running water. Price $1,500. **W. C. HADLEY, Reliable Real Estate, Bellows Falls, Vt.**

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SAVE GASOLINE, BY USING ELECTRO OIL; removes carbon; saves oil; fully guaranteed. Sample by mail $1. Agents wanted. ELECTRO OIL COMPANY, HASTINGS, NEB.

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SPEAKERS.—Special subjects prepared; lectures, articles, orations, debates. Expert service. Authors' Research Bureau, 500 Fifth Ave., New York.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

SHEEPMAN desires to correspond with party willing to invest ten thousand dollars in developing sheep project with exceptional possibilities. Address J. E. McLaughlin, Westfall, Malheur Co., Ore.

WANTED, to take charge of well equipped tea room in good locality or take half interest in one. Address Box 442, Stuart, Fla.

STATIONERY

UNUSUALLY desirable stationery for any type of correspondence. 200 sheets high grade note paper and 100 envelopes printed with your name and address postpaid $1.50. Samples on request. You can buy cheaper stationery, but do you want to? Lewis, 284 Second Ave., Troy, N. Y.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite 5842, Washington, D. C.

BECOME a landscape architect and tree expert! Fascinating outdoor profession. You can earn $5,000 yearly when proficient. Learn in spare time through interesting methods. Many openings. Free particulars. Landscapers, 427-r Union League Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

SALESMEN WANTED—FREE? AUTOMOBILE, IF ELECTRO OIL HARMS your motor; Electro removes carbon; saves 30% gasoline; fully guaranteed. Sample by mail $1. ELECTRO OIL CO., HASTINGS, NEB.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

AGENTS—$75–$100 weekly taking orders for popular price smashing raincoats, $3 Largest commission advanced. Prompt shipment. We collect. Free coats. EAGLE RAINCOAT COMPANY, 524 Mid-City Bank Building, Chicago.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Man and wife (no children) care for owner's country house in Chester County, Pa. Man to care for poultry, garden, etc. Woman to be housekeeper and help make family comfortable when they stay over week-ends. Good position for right couple. Those with education preferred. 9,0 Outlook.

WANTED—Mother's helper; in the Berkshires; two children, girl 7, boy 10. 3,0 Outlook.

WANTED, nurse for three young children. Address, with references, Mrs. Andrew McLeod, 449 State St., Albany, N. Y.

WANTED—Useful companion and household assistant. Education and refinement desired rather than experience. 3,717, Outlook

WANTED—Two workers in neighborhood house. Would consider man and wife w experience, or two women. Reply to Genera Secretary, Woman's Educational and Industrial Union, 25 South St., Auburn, N. Y.

MATRON, with knowledge of dietetics preferredly institutional experience in a boys' agricultural school. State references, age and salary. Address 3,718, Outlook.

MOTHER'S helper wanted: cheerful young woman of refinement with experience in the training of children to assist mother of four. Location, suburban New York. Engagement to begin either June or September. 3,7 Outlook.

CULTURED young lady of high standing, graduate college or approved girls' school, fond of and attractive to children, who would be interested in a summer's outing in Maine West, should address fully 3,748, Outlook. Manufacturer desires young lady to go with his young girls to his small country home part of summer, balance on short pleasure trips and at city home, where elderly housekeeper is in charge. Protestant. Best of references necessary. Send small photograph.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Governess; in the country, two children, school age. 3,670, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

GRADUATE nurse, American German, experienced traveler, useful companion supervising housekeeper. Couple or gentleman. Quality references. 3,699, Outlook.

REFINED, cultured young woman, age 30, trained nurse, college graduate, senior medical student, desires position as nurse-companion. Will travel. References exchanged. 3,733, Outlook.

TRAINED nurse, going to Portland, Oregon, June, will be traveling companion for invalid or children in return for expenses. References. 3,739, Outlook.

Business Situations

WANTED, by a woman who has had executive experience, position supervisor or buyer; school preferred; September. References. 3,672, Outlook.

AMERICAN woman with education and executive ability desires a position involving responsibility and the exercise of judgment and tact. Best of references furnished. 3, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

TRAVELING companion. College girl wishes to travel abroad as companion during summer in return for expenses; can drive car; will tutor if required. Address 3, Outlook.

COMPANION, managing housekeeper. Lady, Episcopalian. Experienced, refined, capable. Country preferred; with young people. Good home rather than large salary. References. 3,668, Outlook.

COLLEGE graduate, Phillips Exeter, Princeton '23, desires position after June as traveling companion for boy from 14 to years of age. Will tutor if desired. 3, Outlook.

COLLEGE woman and teacher, with experience in foreign travel, desires position companion or governess with family going to Europe this summer. Moderate salary, expenses. References. 3,705, Outlook.

CULTURED young woman, Michigan graduate, desires position as companion. Prefers to travel. 3,680, Outlook.

YOUNG man, medical student, desires position for summer. Free June 1. 3,677, Outlook

NEW England woman desires position managing housekeeper. Capable, refined. reference of eight years. 3,690, Outlook.

COMPANION, nurse maid, or ladies' maid. Position wanted by young college woman who wishes to travel in Europe. Speaks several languages. Address letters to Miss Lorraine Willits, 212 Fulton St., New York City.

NURSE, nursery governess, thoroughly reliable, children over two. Will travel on to California. Excellent references. 3, Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN, adaptable, willing to assist light household duties, wishes position. 3,744, Outlook.

REFINED widow seeks position as companion to invalid or mother's assistant. References. 3,742, Outlook.

ADAPTABLE, sympathetic middle-aged practical nurse or companion. Available town or country, traveling or stationary. Protestant. Excellent references. 3, Outlook.

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SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

GENTLEWOMAN of exceptional background, who is closing engagement with one of America's most prominent families, desires position as secretary and household manager. Would also act as companion or supervise motherless children. 3,728, Outlook.

COUPLE, refined, college graduates, as steward and managing housekeeper on American estate, or financial manager and hostess in country club. Can furnish bond. 3,727, Outlook.

POSITION wanted, companion or attendant for invalid, by widow of Congregational clergyman. Pleasant summer more than high wages. 3,731, Outlook.

POSITION as traveling companion (lady), July and August. No objection to secretarial duties. 3,738, Outlook.

LADY, experienced, as managing housekeeper or companion, at home or traveling. Best references. 3,740, Outlook.

WOMAN, refined, experienced practical nurse, desires care of invalid, matron institution. 3,735, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

TEACHER, college graduate, desires position as tutor-companion-governess. Experienced. References. Free June 19. Will travel for expenses only. 3,603, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED French teacher would like position for summer months as tutor to children or companion to lady. No objection to country or travel. New York and Cleveland references. 3,653, Outlook.

DARTMOUTH student of highest scholastic standing, widely traveled and generally accomplished, wishes to tutor this summer, 3,720, Outlook.

REFINED young woman, Columbia M.A., desires summer position as tutor or companion. Will travel. Best references. 3,710, Outlook.

GOVERNESS-tutor desires position. Experienced. Beginner French, music. References. 3,713, Outlook.

LADY, teacher violin, piano, would take summer position playing or teaching. 3,715, Outlook.

GOVERNESS-tutor, experienced teacher, musician, desires position. References. 3,712, Outlook.

BRYN Mawr woman, experienced resident or non-resident tutor, also competent to teach piano. At home in New York City. 3,711, Outlook.

COLLEGE student desires position as tutor or companion for young boy for summer. Best references. E. U. Manchester, Delta Tau Delta House, Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.

YOUNG university instructor, educated at Williams and best universities of country, wishes position for summer as tutor in mathematics. 3,659, Outlook.

REFINED young woman, piano teacher, studied New York, Boston, and Paris, considerable experience as teacher, governess, and companion, desires summer work with Protestants in New York or suburbs. Best references. 3,734, Outlook.

WANTED, for July and August, position as tutor, companion, or housekeeper, either in home or camp. Best of references. Address 3,732, Outlook.

FRENCH Protestant, private school teacher wants summer work. Camp, family, college work. July, August. Highly recommended. 3,730, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED teacher piano and French (Swiss) would accept position for summer, in private family as governess for several children. Small remuneration expected, but best references exchanged. 3,729, Outlook.

GOVERNESS, Protestant, desires position. English, French, German; fond of children and all sports. Best references from twelve years' position. Competent. 3,737, Outlook.

PRINCETON graduate, '22, wishes to travel abroad as tutor or companion in return for expenses and small salary. Drives car. Wide experience with children. Best references. 3,747. Outlook.

TEACHER desires position in family during summer for children between ages of eight and fourteen. 3,743, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

SHOPPING made a pleasure by New York shopper offering services free. References. Miss Guthman, 309 West 99th St.

REFINED young woman, college graduate, desires to tour British Isles this summer by walking; wants companion. References required. 3,709, Outlook.

MOTHER of two small children, formerly a teacher, will take with her to her summer home in New Hampshire a baby or young child who requires special care. 3,714, Outlook.

HOME school for children summer months. Berkshire foothills. Music, art, dancing, outdoor activity, tutoring. 3,309, Outlook.

WANTED—Two or three children under twelve to spend a happy, healthful, and profitable summer in New Hampshire under the care of two college women, one the director of a private school for children. References asked and given. For terms write to 3,741, Outlook.

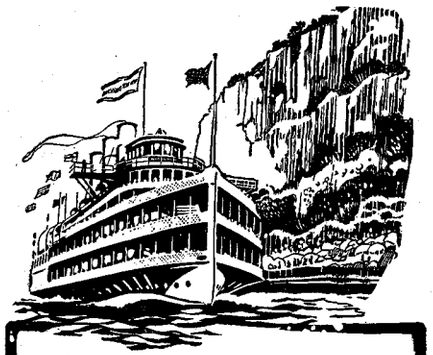
BY THE WAY

"STRANGE as it may seem in a country where workmen run the Government for the benefit of the working classes," says Joseph N. Brown, of the American Relief Administration's staff in Russia, "we encountered not a little difficulty in discharging our ships on schedule through strikes of the stevedores. . . . The stevedores refused to lift a hand until they were paid in full. It was only after the A. R. A. port officer at Odessa had wired Colonel Haskell at Moscow that any action was obtained. A wire was received stating that funds were being sent by special courier. When the stevedores were shown this wire they went back to work and discharged the steamers."

Another one of the A. R. A.'s activities in Russia has consisted in the reestablishing of opportunities for bathing, which seem to have been neglected in some places during the Soviet régime. "The Russian," says Mr. R. H. Allen in a report on this matter, "loves to steam and bake himself until he has his skin red-hot, and then to beat himself with twigs to get himself redder. . . . At the bath-house the bathers present their tickets, which are punched; they enter the dressing-room, undress and from there enter the steam-room, and then the wash-room, carrying a basin, a piece of soap, and a bunch of twigs. Towels are superfluous; twigs are essentials. The patient's clothing is also baked and steamed in the disinfecting chamber while he is blissfully broiling in the bath-room and applying his American soap and his Russian twigs."

Five trains of *de luxe* cars of American make have recently been shipped to China, according to the "Railway Age." These included three private cars. All were built of steel, and in some of the sleeping cars each compartment has its own lavatory and the beds are placed transversely instead of in the usual American way. The cars were shipped in sections and erected in Chinese shops by Chinese workmen. "The installation of the heating equipment, plumbing work, and electric lighting system presented no difficulties at all to the force of workmen."

A subscriber sends a clipping from an old newspaper containing the following story about Daniel Webster: A blacksmith once called upon him, early in his career, to consult him about a legacy he had received, which was contested by others. Mr. Webster looked up the case with great care and even bought several law books bearing on the subject. He won the case, but charged his client only fifteen dollars—less than the cost of the books. Long afterward he was consulted by Aaron Burr, then practicing law in New York City, on a very important case. Mr. Webster found that it exactly corresponded with the blacksmith's will case, and began to quote decisions bearing on the matter



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See the rock-ribbed Palisades—superb panoramas of rolling hills—giant headlands clad in green. The grandeur and picturesque lure of all rivers rolled into one! And yours to enjoy to the utmost from the broad, shady decks of the

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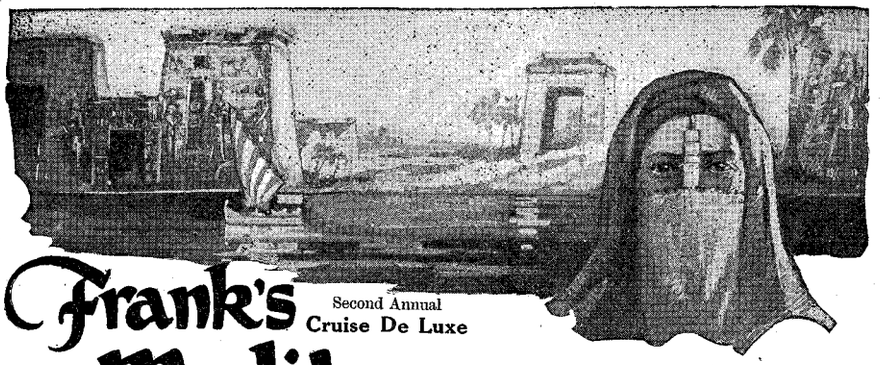

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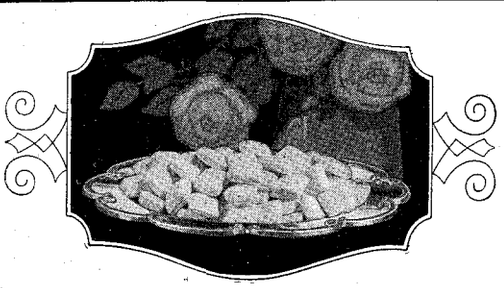

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·U-ALL-NO·

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from the time of Charles II. Burr was astonished and asked, "Mr. Webster, have you been consulted before in this case?" "Most certainly not," was the reply. Webster proceeded with his judgment as to the case, and received from Burr not only the highest praise for his profound legal knowledge, but a fee that remunerated him for all the time and expense incurred in defending the blacksmith.

From "Punch:"

He (afflicted with a stammer)—"I s-s-say, do you know h-how to t-tan, to t-tan—"

She—"My dear man, Tutankhamen as a topic of conversation is barred."

He—"I w-wasn't g-going to mention the b-blighter. I w-was asking if you knew h-how to t-tang, to t-tango."

Perhaps this paragraph from "Everybody's Magazine" should be placed in the category of "ben trovato" jests:

"At a dinner, Sir James M. Barrie was seated next an individual who, at a loss for something to say, remarked: 'I suppose, Sir James, that some of your plays do better than others.' 'Yes,' replied the famous man. 'Some peter out and some pan out.'"

Little stories from a Spanish reading book:

"A blind man hid his savings in a hollow tree. A thief watched him and took the money. Later the blind man discovered his loss. He became his own detective. He recalled a shiftless neighbor who was idle but spent money freely. He called on this man and said, 'My friend, I wish to ask your advice, for you know the world. I have hidden half of my savings in a safe place. Would you advise me to put the rest of my money there, or to keep it in two places?' 'By all means put it all together,' answered the thief, seeing his opportunity to double his stealings. 'I shall do as you say, this very night,' said the blind man. The thief, to avoid rousing any suspicion, immediately took back the money he had stolen, planning thus to get all. Later, the blind man went to the tree, secured his savings, and left a paper saying, 'Now go hang yourself, robber.'"

"Two friars, a Franciscan and a Dominican, were traveling together. They came to a river. The first offered to carry the other across on his back. When in the middle of the stream, a conscientious scruple oppressed him. 'Brother,' he said, 'have you any money?' 'Yes,' returned the other; "I have two nickels.' 'Then I am sorry to say that the rules of my order do not permit me to carry any money on my person.' So saying, he relieved his conscience and his back of their burden by dumping the poor Dominican into the water."

Baltimore, it is said, has produced three famous poems, "The Star-Spangled Banner," "The Raven," and "Maryland, My Maryland." Has any other American city claim to equal honor in this respect?

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